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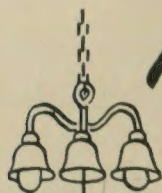
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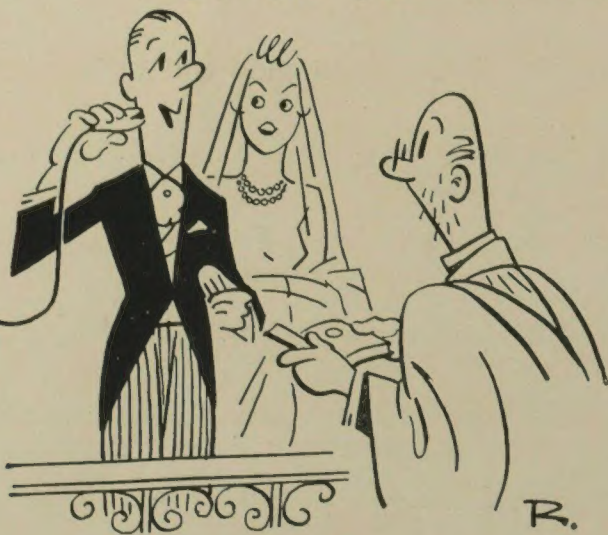
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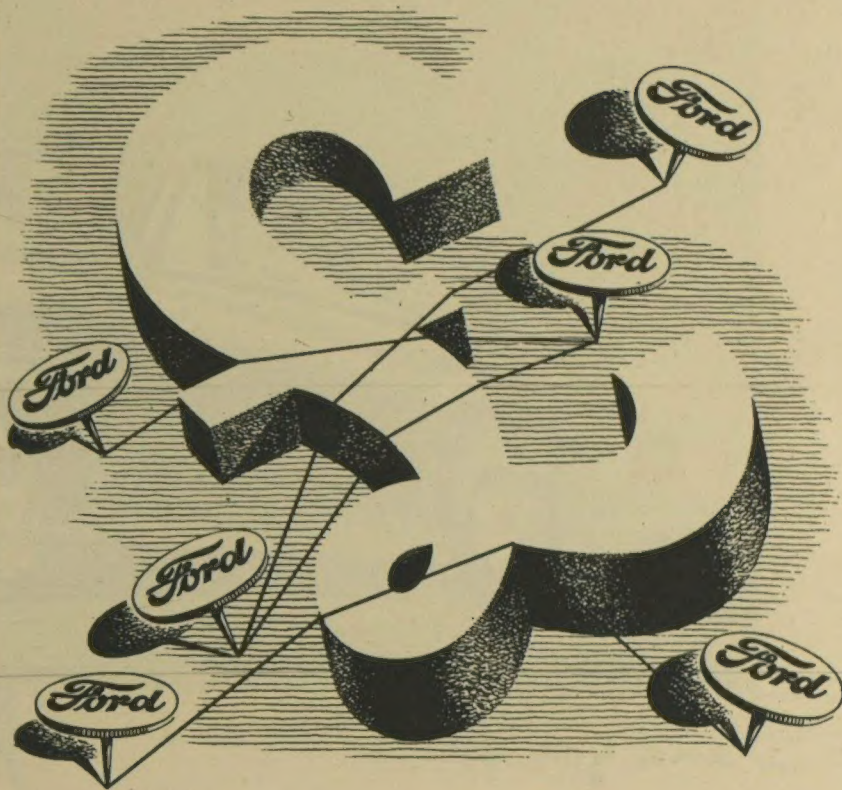
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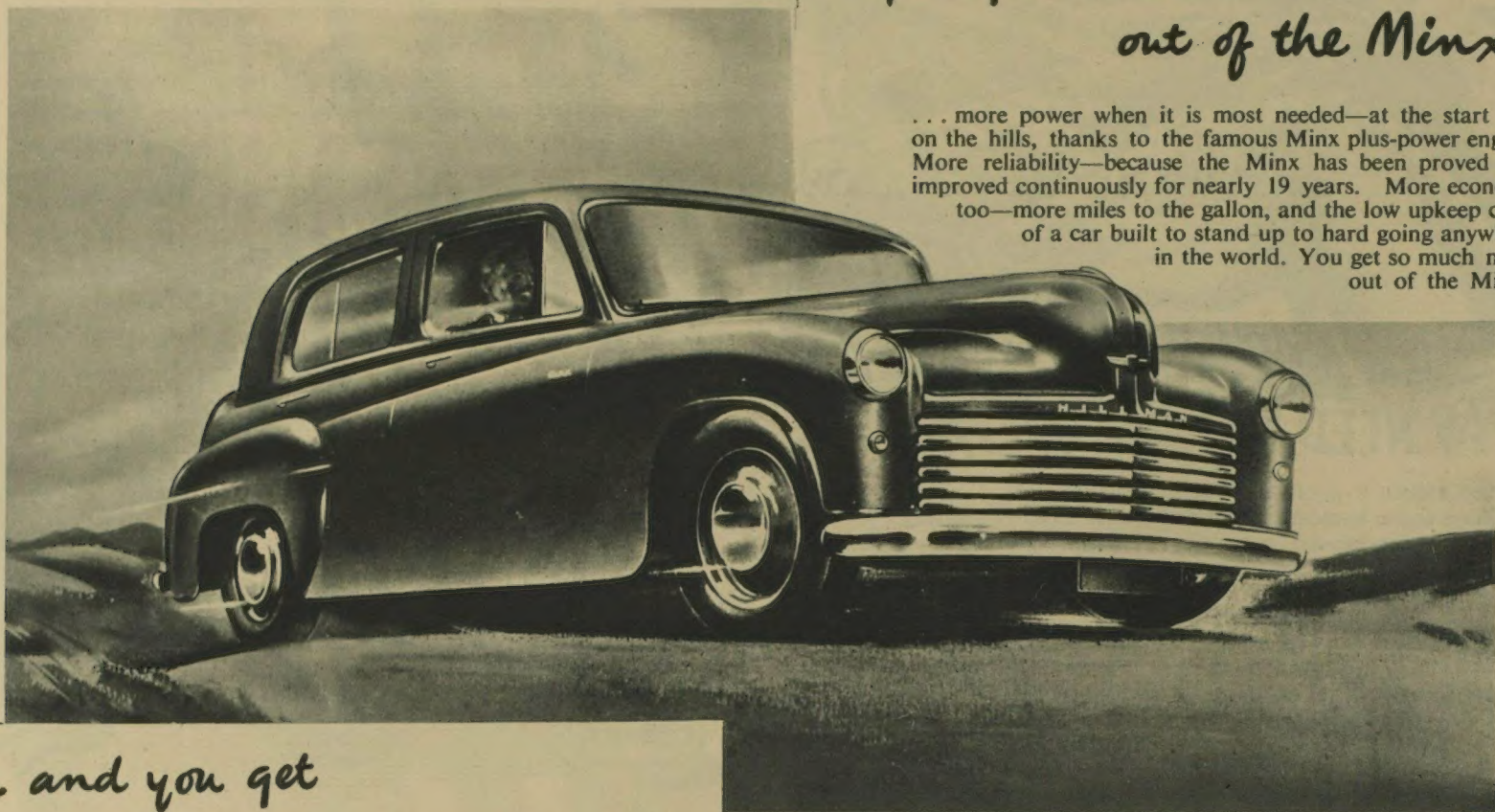
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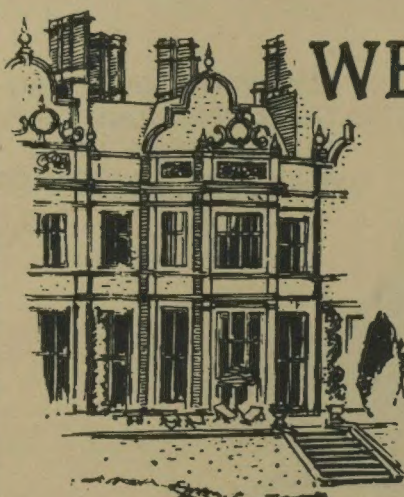
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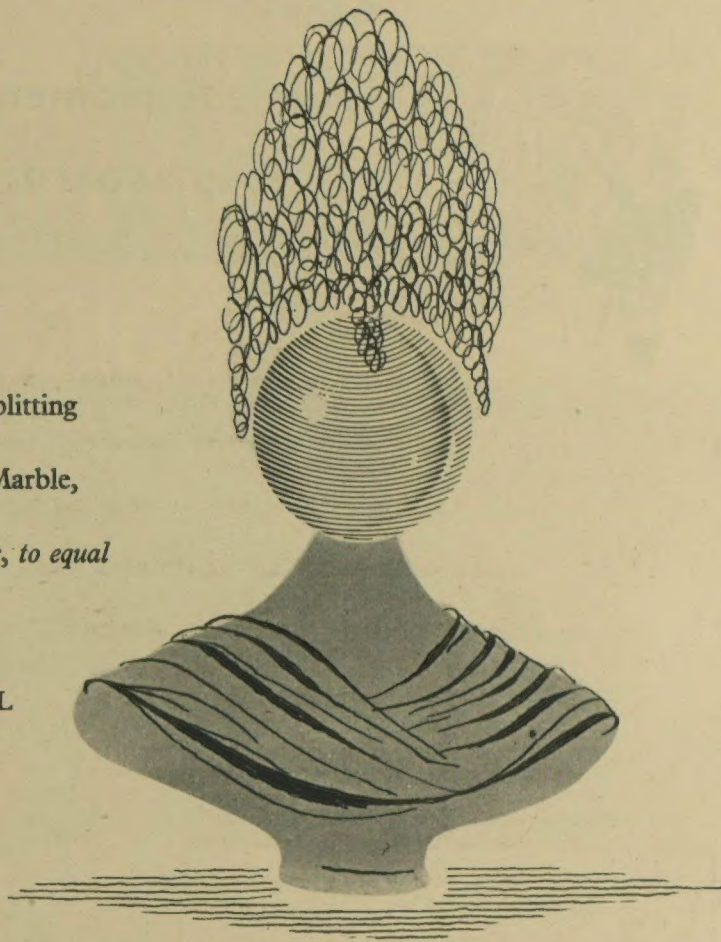
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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1951.



AN ASSIZE COURT CREATED FOR THE 'TELEVISION' SCREEN: THE PROCEDURE IN A MURDER TRIAL PRESENTED TO VIEWERS.

"The Course of Justice" was the title of a notable series of documentary programmes produced by Mr. Ian Atkins for the television screen. The first, "Juvenile Court," on November 27, 1950, was introduced by Mr. Basil Henriques, J.P., and the final programme of the series, "The Assizes," given on March 19, presented a murder trial. It necessitated the construction at Lime

Grove Studios of the largest composite set ever used in television, a reproduction of an Assize Court, and the participation of twenty-seven actors. Our photograph, taken at rehearsal, shows the prisoner in the dock (back to camera), facing the judge (whose face is obscured by the arm of the microphone). A witness is taking the oath to speak the truth, holding in her hand the Bible on which it is sworn.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

DRIVING through the heart of London in the early morning, before the view of its beautiful buildings has been obscured by the crowds and traffic, one realises, almost with a pang of pity, how pathetically exposed is its loveliness to the destruction of the cruel and barbarous age into which mankind is increasingly drifting. Having survived the bombardment of one war, one wonders, can it survive the bombardment of another? Only now, six years after the end of hostilities in Europe, is the administrative centre of the British capital becoming at last rid of the drab destruction and utilitarianism imposed on it during the war years. The huts, earthworks and barricades have at last vanished from the parks; the ornamental acquired

for all things, even for a festival of self-congratulation, though scarcely, one would have thought, now. However reluctantly, we must raise our eyes from the Serpentine and look to the seas where lies, as it has lain so often in the past, our destiny. The problem before us is, "What the Swede intends, and what the French," or, in modern parlance, what the Russian? Will this summer or the next bring war again and with it red ruin and devastation to London? My own view is that the signs are that, if war comes, it is now more likely to come soon than late, and that this year, as a result of recent developments, has become the maximum point of danger. I for one shall certainly breathe more freely when the next snows and pea-soupers

#### PERSIAN CROWN LAND FOR THE PEASANTS.



DISTRIBUTING CROWN LANDS INHERITED FROM HIS FATHER AMONG THE PEASANTS: THE SHAH OF PERSIA (LEFT) HANDING OVER A TITLE-DEED TO ONE OF 143 PEASANTS WHO RECEIVED A SHARE OF HIS LANDS WHEN HE DIVIDED THEM OUT IN A CEREMONY AT DAVUDABAD, THIRTY MILES FROM TEHRAN, ON MARCH 17.



GLEEFULLY WAVING THE TITLE-DEEDS OF THEIR NEW PROPERTY: SOME OF THE PEASANTS OF THE VILLAGE OF DAVUDABAD, IN PERSIA. ONE FIFTH OF THE LAND HAS BEEN GIVEN FREE, THE REMAINDER WILL BE PAID FOR OVER A NUMBER OF YEARS.

At the end of January the Shah of Persia ordered all the Crown lands he inherited from his father to be distributed among the peasants. A Royal proclamation appointed a special committee to organise the transfer. The lands are being sold on extremely favourable long-term conditions, and the money received will be spent for productive purposes and on the formation of agricultural companies to benefit the peasants. The revenues from these lands, which include about 800 villages, amount to more than £500,000 a year. Our photographs show scenes on March 17 when the Shah handed over the title-deeds of his lands to the peasants of the village of Davudabad, near Teheran.

once more a hard-won and precarious ascendancy over the utilitarian and military. Outside the West End, still euphemistically so called, though London has long extended itself a dozen miles or more beyond its furthest western boundary, Kensington Palace, the traces of the blitzes are still writ large on the face of the metropolis; round St. Paul's the acres of devastation and weed remain a memorial to human folly and wickedness. But in Hyde Park beauty of a gentle, decorous kind has returned, a little shyly, and can be enjoyed best in the early morning, freed after the sordid Paphian orgy which our apparently indifferent rulers helplessly permit to reign there during the hours of darkness. The double elms along the empty Row carry the eye with a sweep almost of pageantry to Apsley House, still haunted by the grey dignity of its world-famous, century-dead inhabitant; the Serpentine is the lake of an invisible palace in an early-Victorian fairyland; the Broad Walk in the Gardens echoes the whispers of the gay throng of fashion that processed up and down it on summer evenings long ago. And a glitter of scarlet and silver, half-cloaked on a rainy March morning by grey, debouches from Knightsbridge Barracks, in rehearsal of some splendid, long-anticipated occasion under the vivid chestnuts of May and June. The grandeur of Prince Florizel's planning—the un-English oblation of a stout, elderly monarch to his fairy-tale youth—can still be seen as one passes, through a flutter of pseudo-classical arches, from one Royal Park to another and, as one speeds along the half-blitzed, recently renovated Palace wall. And in the Mall the normally rather scraggy, pathetic yew hedge the Ministry of Works, greatly daring, planted five years ago, gives promise in the early morning of something that may one day, if London be spared, match the topiary glories of Leven's or Bingham's Melcombe. St. James's Palace, Carlton House Terrace, Kent's Horse Guards—surely the most elegant building of its size in the world—the little Regency cottage *ornée* at the foot of the lake in St. James's Park, the glimpse of the roof of Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall, the sober grace and good manners of Downing Street and the Treasury, are all beautiful: part, not only of England's but of the world's dwindling heritage of noble building. So, in their different *genre*, are the Abbey, Westminster Hall and Barry's Parliament Houses—the real and the sham Gothic blending happily together in the way that only London, with its mists and soft brushwork of murk, can mingle the incongruous. I cannot say as much for the Festival erections huddled beyond the sweeping, grandiose, slightly un-English façade of the County Hall; the best that can be said of them, glimpsed from Wordsworth's stance on Westminster Bridge, is that, for those who like this sort of thing, they look just the sort of thing they will like. Personally, I prefer good St. Thomas's, for all its grimy, dingy, imposing ugliness. Yet all are dear, new and old, ugly and beautiful, part of London's silvery sable garment, worn through her mists and under her gentle clouds, to an English heart inexpressibly dear. And all, one feels, as one sees them in the early morning quiet, are threatened by imminent evil.

So, as practical men—and, recent manifestations to the contrary, we are still, I think, as a nation, *au fond* that—our immediate business is not to count our blessings, but to exert ourselves to preserve them. There is a time

to be afraid. But if the men of the Kremlin should refuse even to discuss a general German agreement and such a reduction of their own vast armaments as would give the West some reasonable security without the contemplation of or resort to such a desperate remedy—one which in any case could not be implemented for many years to come—their vehement and intensifying propaganda on behalf of a "peace" which their own intransigence, arms and actions so manifestly belie, would seem to suggest that they are preparing an alibi for something which they intend to happen. It is the fear that such an intention exists—a fear which one prays from the depth of one's heart is groundless and which most men of my generation would give ten years off their lives to know was so—that makes one look at London, in this early spring of its Festival year, with something of the tenderness that springs from the love we feel towards those whom we know will soon be taken from us.

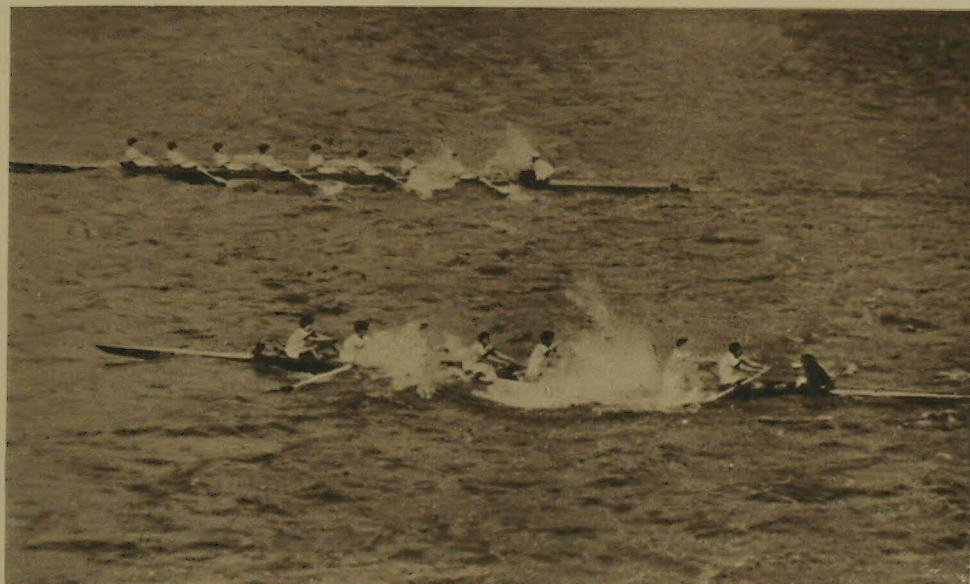
return. For the men of the Kremlin know that the West is rearming now in earnest, and they know that the West will be stronger in 1952 than in 1951. If, as a result of the inconceivable folly and negligence of our own authorities in allowing access to vital atomic secrets to foreigners with Communist antecedents, Russia now possesses the atomic bomb, her rulers may well reckon that, with the destruction this could bring to this dangerously overcrowded island, and with their overwhelming military superiority on the Continent, they could afford to ignore America's stockpile of bombs and drive, like the barbarians of the remote past, to the Atlantic. Their chance of doing so will be far greater in 1951 than it is ever likely to be again: by 1952 it may, indeed, have passed for ever.

All this is based on the assumption, of course, that the Russian leaders want war, or, rather, that they want the conquests and domination that war can alone give them even more than they want peace. If they do not, my fears are groundless and there will be no war. Of one thing I am sure: that the pretence—one that has often deceived many worthy, gullible people in this country—that the Kremlin is afraid of an attack from the democratic West is based on misconception. The men of the Kremlin are not fools; they are realists and they fear no such thing. They know the Western parliamentary democracies—the timidity of their politicians and their unfailing habit of postponing unpleasant decisions in the hope that something may turn up to render them needless; they have successfully destroyed too many parliamentary democracies of late to have any fears on this score. Aggressive, unprovoked, preventative war by the West against the East is as unthinkable to a realist as a return, shall we say? in modern Britain to the practical application of the divine right of Kings or the rule of an hereditary aristocracy. The dynamics of politics under a parliamentary constitution render it impossible. It will not, therefore, be any fear of a preventative war that may cause Russia to launch an attack on the West this year. If she does so it will be because she thinks she can effect her ends thereby and that those ends are sufficiently important to outweigh the grave risks and disabilities involved. The U.S.S.R. has only one thing in the way of potential aggression to fear from the West: a sovereign and rearméd Germany; of that both she and we have just reason

to be afraid. But if the men of the Kremlin should refuse even to discuss a general German agreement and such a reduction of their own vast armaments as would give the West some reasonable security without the contemplation of or resort to such a desperate remedy—one which in any case could not be implemented for many years to come—their vehement and intensifying propaganda on behalf of a "peace" which their own intransigence, arms and actions so manifestly belie, would seem to suggest that they are preparing an alibi for something which they intend to happen. It is the fear that such an intention exists—a fear which one prays from the depth of one's heart is groundless and which most men of my generation would give ten years off their lives to know was so—that makes one look at London, in this early spring of its Festival year, with something of the tenderness that springs from the love we feel towards those whom we know will soon be taken from us.



## THIS YEAR'S TWO BOAT RACES AND THE CAMBRIDGE VICTORY.



(ABOVE.) WINNING EASILY IN THE RE-ROWED BOAT RACE OF 1951: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CREW APPROACHING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE WELL AHEAD OF THE DARK BLUES. (LOWER, LEFT.) THE START OF THE FIRST BOAT RACE, ON MARCH 24: OXFORD UNIVERSITY CREW (NEARER CAMERA) IN DIFFICULTIES. (LOWER, RIGHT.) GOING DOWN: THE SINKING OXFORD CREW ONLY THREE MINUTES AFTER THE START. (B.B.C. Telenews Newsreel.)

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race of 1951 will be long remembered for a number of reasons. The almost unprecedented weather conditions on March 24 caused Oxford to founder after only two-and-three-quarter minutes. Dr. G. A. Ellison, the Bishop of Willesden, an Old Blue, and this year's Umpire, called the Cambridge crew back and declared the race void. He acted in accordance with an agreement reached after the 1925 race. The boat race was then re-rowed on Monday, March 26, being the first time that it had ever been rowed on a Bank Holiday. Huge crowds saw an outstanding Cambridge crew defeat Oxford by

twelve lengths in 20 minutes 50 seconds. Oxford put up a game fight throughout but were quite outclassed. The weather conditions on March 26 were very different from those on the previous Saturday: there was a drizzle of rain but only a light wind. The Cambridge crew, who are undoubtedly one of the finest University crews for many years, are due to fly to the United States this week-end to race against Harvard and Yale on April 14 and 19 respectively. Cambridge's great victory on Easter Monday followed the announcement on March 24 that the King had conferred on the Borough of Cambridge the title and dignity of a city.





## MADE KNOWN TO SCIENCE BETWEEN 1844 AND THE PRESENT DAY: SOME OF THE MORE

Our readers may remember that in our issue of July 1 last year we published an article by Dr. Maurice Burton and two pages of illustrations dealing with large mammals made known to science in the last 100 years. Here we illustrate some of the birds which have been discovered between 1844 and the present day. A clear distinction must be made, however, between a bird being known (in the sense of being known to the natives of the region it inhabits) and being

made known to science (that is, given a scientific name and being fully described in a scientific journal). For example, in 1871, D. G. Elliot described for the first time, in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," Rheinard's Argus Pheasant (*Rheinardia scottata*). The only thing he had to go upon were one tail feather and three wing feathers in the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, in Paris, and he correctly deduced from these that they belonged to a species

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



## NOTABLE DISCOVERIES IN THE FIELD OF ORNITHOLOGY WHERE "THE END IS IN SIGHT."

distinct from the Argus Pheasant. He mentioned, however, that the feathers had been known for a long time, though nobody knew where they came from. It is now known that the bird ranges from Assam to the central Malay Peninsula. A similar story is associated with the Congo Peacock. In 1913, Dr. Chapin took an unusual feather from the head-dress of a native in the Ituri Forest. Neither he nor the ornithologists in the United States, to whom

BY F. PATTISON WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. M. BURTON.

it was shown, could identify it. In 1914, the Musée du Congo Belge acquired some mounted birds from a small museum in Brussels, most of which had been killed before 1900. They showed a slight resemblance to peafowl and had been identified as such and set aside as of no consequence. In 1936 Dr. Chapin visited the museum, recognised them and described the species. Although thought at first to be rare, the Congo Peacock was found to be not uncommon.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### SOME BIRDS DISCOVERED DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THERE are many whose main task in life is to list and catalogue the known species of plants and animals, and to describe and make known the new species that are discovered. This process of listing and arranging constitutes the science of taxonomy or systematics (we generally manage to find alternative words for any scientific process!), and it has been proceeding with increasing tempo since Linnæus, the Swedish botanist, put it on a firm footing in 1759. There is still a great deal to be done before anything approaching finality will be reached, for although something like 2,000,000 species of plants and animals are already recognised, new species are being described in their hundreds every year by workers all over the world. There is, however, one major group of animals in which the end is in sight—namely, the birds. Here new sub-species are occasionally described, or varieties or forms of known species, but the discovery of an entirely new species is something of an ornithological event. Among mammals, probably the next best-known group, the discovery of new species is comparatively rare, but is markedly more common than in birds.

In Britain today there are more people taking an interest, either an intense or a passing interest, in birds than in any other group of animals. The reason for this, almost certainly, is that their study is easier than for any other group of animals. If, for example, a naturalist were set down in a given locality and told that, within a given radius, there were living twenty different kinds of birds and five kinds of wild mammals, it is practically certain that he would be able to seek out and list the twenty kinds of birds long before he could find the mammals. To begin with, birds are mainly diurnal; the few that are nocturnal are also noisy and tend to draw attention to themselves. The diurnal species also are rarely silent for long on end, and their flying habit added to the frequency with which they are marked with bright, often conspicuous, colours tends to make them obvious to all but the most unobservant. There are, of course, exceptions, like the shy hawfinch and the grasshopper warbler, of retiring and skulking habit, rarely heard and even more rarely seen. And what is true for British birds is generally true for birds throughout the world.

By contrast with our present-day familiarity with and study of birds is the conspicuous absence of representations of birds among prehistoric cave drawings. From the drawings that were made, it is evident that early man was observant of the form of animals. The fact that he

seldom figured birds lends colour to the suggestion that the drawings were associated with some form of magic bringing protection from the attacks of the large mammals. The later works of art, sculpture, painting and the ornamentation of pottery included figures of birds, and in mediæval drawings, those which were pictorial rather than concerned with design, there is a clear suggestion that birds like rooks and ravens, now shy of man, were then much tamer. It is always risky to generalise, especially upon slender evidence,

the winged predator with the presence of man. And in crude trapping there are no survivors to induce a fear complex in others by their behaviour. Hunting mammals is usually accomplished by noise, whether the hunting is done by primitive man or civilised man, and this is added to where firearms are used. Birds are less sensitive to sound than mammals, and whether it is this factor or not, operating over the centuries, that has made our mammals shy, even in some cases nocturnal, it does seem to be the fact that birds on the whole are much less reluctant to expose themselves to view.

To every generalisation there are exceptions, and in this case one springs readily to mind. In 1848 Richard Owen first described the *Notornis*, or Takahe, to give it its Maori name, from sub-fossil bones collected by Dr. W. Mantell at Wainyangyo, in North Island, New Zealand. Later, from Dusky Sound, a skin was obtained, and in 1851 another was brought back from Thompson Sound, and these were believed to be conspecific with the bones, and all were named *Notornis mantelli*. Another bird was captured in 1879, at Lake Te Anau, in South Island, which was thought to represent a new species, and was named *Notornis hochstetteri*. From 1898 to 1948 no more birds were discovered, though there were a few reports of their having been seen, but these were not followed up. In 1948, Dr. G. B. Orbell and some companions located at Lake Te Anau a hidden valley and a lake hitherto unmapped.

There, in the November, they saw and filmed, captured and later released, two specimens of *Notornis*, and also saw a third bird. It is believed that there may be a population of some 100 birds of this species in two nearby valleys, and that under strict protection these may not only be maintained but may increase in numbers.

The important point to be stressed, for our present purpose, in this story of *Notornis* is that it is possible, even in a country as settled as New Zealand, for a bird to be known, to disappear from sight for fifty years, to be thought extinct, and yet to come to light again, but only as a result of persistent search. It should be noted that *Notornis* is a flightless ground bird and, in its habits, would show some of the "retiring and skulking" habits of the smaller rodents. It is, therefore, by no means impossible that species as yet unknown remain to be discovered in such places as the Ituri Forest of Central Africa, or the dense forests of Brazil. Elsewhere in the world, however, we seem to have reached the limit in the discovery of species of birds.



A RARE BIRD OF COMPARATIVELY RECENT DISCOVERY: *PICATHARTES OREAS* OF WEST AFRICA, WHICH ANATOMICALLY RESEMBLES THE STARLINGS, BUT WAS ORIGINALLY CLASSIFIED NEAR THE CROWS.

The recent rediscovery of the Bermuda cahow, a rare petrel widely believed to have been extinct for 300 years, was described and illustrated in our issues of March 3 and 10, and lends additional interest to the article on this page and the chart on pages 484-485 illustrating some birds made known to science in the last 100 years. *Picathartes oreas* was made known to science at the end of the last century, and is not common even in its native haunts and seems to be very local in its distribution. It appears to be shy and secretive in habit and has rarely been seen by Europeans and only one has ever been brought back alive. This is now in the Zoological Gardens in London. As well as being a rarity, *Picathartes* is an ornithological mystery. Originally classified near the crows, it resembles the starlings anatomically, and in its build, its nesting habits and in its method of progressing by long hops, it recalls the babbler. It is the largest bird to build a mud nest on the vertical face of a rock.

Photograph by C. S. Webb.

but it seems possible to postulate that birds were always more tame—that is, less readily scared by the mere presence of man—than mammals, partly perhaps because they were less hunted, and partly from the confidence they had in immediate and speedy escape by flight. Before the invention of gunpowder they would be taken most frequently by hawking or by trapping. In the first of these, the survivors would not associate

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# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MR. GEORGE NORTH.**

The head of the General Register Office since 1895, Mr. George North will be in charge of the 1951 Census, by which the particulars of all who are living at midnight on April 8 in this country will be recorded. Every household will be responsible for completing the document relating to his or her residence.



**DR. ALBERTO GAINZA PAZ.**

Editor-publisher of the independent Argentine newspaper *La Prensa*, was ordered on March 21 to be jailed for fifteen days for contempt of Congress. Earlier, police had prevented him boarding an aircraft for Uruguay. *La Prensa*, which criticised the Perón regime, was seized on March 21 by the Argentine Government.



**THE ENGLISH VICTORY IN THE CALCUTTA CUP: THE TEAM WHICH WON BACK THE TROPHY BY DEFEATING SCOTLAND AT TWICKENHAM BY A GOAL TO A TRY ON MARCH 17.**

England defeated Scotland in the International Rugby football match at Twickenham on March 17, in the presence of the Queen and Princess Margaret, in a stirring match by a goal to a try (5 points to 3), and thus won back the Calcutta Cup. Our group shows the team: back row (l. to r.) A. C. Towell (Bedford), V. R. Tindall (Liverpool University and New Brighton), B. A. Neale (Army and Rosslyn Park), D. T. Wilkins (R.N. and Roundhay), J. M. Williams (Penzance and Newlyn), R. V. Stirling (R.A.F. and Leicester), C. G. Woodruff (Harlequins), E. M. P. Hardy (Army and Blackheath), and Captain M. J. Dowling (referee; Ireland). Middle row (l. to r.) E. Evans (Sale), V. G. Roberts (Penryn and Swansea), J. McG. Kendall-Carpenter (captain; Penzance and Newlyn), W. A. Holmes (Nuneaton) and D. F. White (Northampton). In front (l. and r.) D. W. Shuttleworth (Army and Blackheath) and W. E. Hook (Gloucester).



**MR. JOHN NASH.**

Elected an R.A. He has been an A.R.A. since 1940. He held the rank of 2nd Lt. in the Army in World War I, when commissioned to paint for the Imperial War Museum; and in 1940 received an Hon. Commission in the Royal Marines as an Admiralty official war artist. He is represented in many galleries.



**MR. ARNOLD MASON.**

Elected a Royal Academician. Mr. Mason, who has been an A.R.A. since 1940, is a well-known portrait and landscape painter whose work is shown in all the principal London exhibitions. He is represented by paintings in the Tate, Manchester and Hanley Art Galleries, and in private collections.



**PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO GENERAL FRANCO IN MADRID ON MARCH 15: SIR JOHN BALFOUR (RIGHT), THE FIRST BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN SINCE 1946.**

Sir John Balfour, the newly-appointed British Ambassador to Spain, presented his credentials to General Franco on March 15. He drove to the Royal Palace in Madrid through the Castellana Avenue and the Gran Via in a ceremonial coach drawn by six horses and escorted by a detachment of Moorish cavalry. The last British Ambassador to Spain was withdrawn in 1946 at the recommendation of the United Nations.



**ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT ON MARCH 20: THE NEWLY-APPOINTED SPANISH AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN, DON MIGUEL PRIMO DE RIVERA, MARQUÉS DE ESTELLA, WITH HIS WIFE.**

Don Miguel de Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella, the new Spanish Ambassador, and the first to be appointed since 1946, arrived in London on March 20. Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, second son of the moderate military dictator who governed Spain from 1923 to 1930, is one of the original members of the Falange. Before his present appointment he was Civil Governor of Madrid, where he was born in 1904.



**THE MARRIAGE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S YOUNGEST BROTHER: PRINCE HAMID RIZA PLACING THE RING ON THE FINGER OF HIS BRIDE, MISS MINOU DOVLATCHAHI.**

A second Royal wedding in disturbed Persia followed closely on the marriage of the Shah to Miss Soraya Esfandiary-Bakhtiari on February 12. On March 15, Prince Hamid Riza, youngest brother of the Shah, married Miss Minou Dovlatkahi. In our group, the mother of the bride is standing on the extreme right, next to Princess Pari, wife of Prince Gohar Riza. Prince Ali Riza is standing, centre, background.



**MAJOR-GEN. H. E. PYMAN.**

Appointed Director-General Fighting Vehicles, Ministry of Supply. He has, since 1949, been G.O.C. 56 (London) Armoured Division, T.A. He was Chief of Staff, C.H.Q., M.E.I.F., 1946-49, and Chief of General Staff, A.L.F.S.E.A., and acting Major-General, 1945-46.



**LORD MACDERMOTT.**

In our issue of March 17 we recorded the appointment of Lord MacDermott as Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland in association with a photograph which we have since learnt portrays the late Lord Justice Wrottesley. In order to correct this error, we publish here a photograph of Lord MacDermott.



**DURING HIS FIRST JOURNEY ABROAD AS FOREIGN SECRETARY: MR. HERBERT MORRISON (LEFT) IN CONVERSATION WITH M. ROBERT SCHUMAN, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, IN PARIS.**

Mr. Herbert Morrison arrived back in London on March 18, after attending a two-day meeting of the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe. He described his first journey abroad as Foreign Secretary as "a very interesting experience." During the discussions Mr. Morrison was reported to have made an excellent impression even on those of his colleagues who disagreed with him.



## A CHILD OF THE ROMANTIC AGE.

"REGENCY PORTRAIT PAINTER: THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A."; By DOUGLAS GOLDRING.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN an age when reputations are being so freely revised and resuscitated, it was high time that somebody should turn his attention to the life and work of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Mr. Douglas Goldring has now filled the gap with a just and generous appreciation of both. He has concentrated rather on the life than on the work: "My endeavour has been," he says, "to concentrate the reader's attention on a fascinating, prodigiously gifted and most lovable man, who both during his lifetime and after his death has often been misrepresented and calumniated, as he revealed himself in his relations with his family, his intimate friends and the women he loved." He has found, as he admits, very little fresh material, though there are some "new" letters and a new and exquisite drawing of the poet Cowper, with his delicate head swathed in the usual turban-cum-tea-cosy. But he has arranged the accessible information so well and interpreted it with such understanding and sympathy, that his book reads in every way like a "new" biography.

Very little attention, indeed, has been devoted to the extremely interesting life of one who, for all the apparent ease of his artistic and worldly success, was certainly a child of the Romantic Age and had his full share of troubles. The reference books are extremely perfunctory about him. In the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," for instance, he receives but one-third of the space given to T. E. Lawrence (who was alive when the edition was produced), and (which is perhaps more to the point) less than that compared with Sir Edwin Landseer. As usual, we are informed at the beginning that "his father was an innkeeper, first at Bristol, afterwards at Devizes": which suggests that this most polite and elegant of painters was the offspring of some brawny, bare-armed, pint-drawing Boniface who might more suitably have begotten George Morland or Gillray. There then follows a reference to his precocity, and then a brief summary of his triumphant career, culminating in the eighteen months at Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna and Rome, painting emperors, ambassadors and cardinals, and the election as P.R.A. on his return to England. This outline gives a very inadequate notion of what the career was really like—for a start, it leaves out a tremendous emotional upheaval, an active inner æsthetic existence, and continual worry about debt, to mention but three things not normally characteristic of the life of a successful academic portrait-painter.

Lawrence's father did, for a short time, keep inns: first at Bristol, where he made himself so popular that the local M.P.s backed him in his second venture, and then at the famous "Bear" in Devizes, which was on the West Road, and whose visitors included King George III. and his wife. But "innkeeper" is not an adequate description of him. His father was a minister who left two orphan sons, who were taken care of by a rich "relation" called "Zachary Agaz, Esq." The younger went to the East Indies as a cadet; the artist's father, "was articulated by Mr. Agaz to a Mr. Ginger, a respectable solicitor of Hemel Hempstead"—the names might have suited Dickens. He was so satisfactory that he was offered a partnership; had he taken it, Sir Thomas would have been described as "the son of a provincial attorney." But he did not like the law, and, having a small patrimony, went off on a tour with another clerk, who later took Orders and became headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham. At Tenbury, in Worcestershire, he temporarily settled, made himself one with the best local society by virtue of his handsome person, familiarity with the poets, and talent for producing elegant verses, and finally secretly married the daughter of the local parson who, like his wife, sprang from the squirearchy of those parts. Father and rich uncle disavowed the guilty pair and never saw them again; other relatives were more lenient, and one of them got Lawrence into the Excise Service, in which he reached the rank of Supervisor of the Excise at Bristol.

It was there that he became an innkeeper, taking a big hotel and at once taking down "wretched coloured daubs from the walls" and hanging them with "the best engravings of the painting of Salvator Rosa and the old masters." He launched out in a big way, running coaches to and from Exeter; cut a



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. THIS UNFINISHED SELF-PORTRAIT WAS ACQUIRED BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1863 AND FORMS PART OF THEIR PERMANENT COLLECTION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

considerable figure; continued poetical composition and was lampooned by the young Chatterton; behaved like an exuberant artistic Micawber; crashed; and was put on his feet again at the Devizes "Bear," where he did not last many years, as he was more interested in supplying his customers with recitations from Milton than with punctual meals. But it was there that the "innkeeper's son" dawned upon the fashionable world which he was to conquer. He was a beautiful child, began drawing good portraits at four, was produced for the admiration of visitors, impressed Garrick with the eloquence of his declamation, and at six years of age made his first drawing of Mrs. Siddons. Drawings he did at Devizes were shown later to Sir Joshua, who said: "This young man has begun where thousands leave off." He wasn't taught, he simply blossomed. When he was thirteen, the family moved to Oxford, and the innkeeper turned into "agent and impresario"; the son was doing portraits of all the local worthies, and the father basking in his reflected glory and intercepted opulence. Bath followed, a perfect exercise ground for a fashionable portrait-painter. By the time he was seventeen Lawrence was in London and painting in oils. At



MRS. SIDMONS, THE GREAT TRAGEDienne. THIS WAS LAWRENCE'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDMONS AND WAS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1797. SHE IS DESCRIBED IN THE CATALOGUE AS "LADY." (In the National Gallery.) Illustrations reproduced from the book by Courtesy of the Publishers, Macdonald, London.

twenty he had thirteen exhibits in the Royal Academy, was described by one observer as "the Sir Joshua of futurity not far off" and received this letter: "Sir—I am commanded by Her Majesty to desire you will come down to Windsor and bring your painting apparatus with you. Her Majesty wishes

you to come down on Sunday next the 27th inst. to be ready for Her to sit to you on Monday morning. She likewise desires you will bring some of your pictures with you in crayon and oil.—I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant, H. Compton. Friday Noon.—Bring some primed cloths with you. When you

arrive, enquire for me at the Queen's Lodge." It was the first of many Royal Commands. The portrait of the Queen, which is now in the National Gallery, painted, as Roger Fry remarked, "within a rather narrow range of bluish-green, whites and greys," is miraculous for its ease, certainty and harmony: it might have come from a mature French master of the age before. Thereafter Lawrence's artistic life was one of incessant labour and unbroken external success.

His character, in all its generosity and modesty, remained unimpaired. He could carry his oats; and the jealous, who are always with us, if they expected and perhaps hoped that adulation would give him a swelled head, were disappointed. He remained quite unaffected, never resented even the most malignant criticism (he wrote "the greatest improvement I remember to have made in my work was from seeing in a critique upon them that when I learnt to distinguish

flesh from glass I might make a tolerable painter") and he was warm in his admiration of other geniuses, as he was sound in his judgment. He bought drawings from Blake, as also the "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience"; and those who imagine that Turner never got his full due until Ruskin trumpeted him may be surprised at Lawrence's attitude to him. He met Turner in Italy and rejoiced that one who would do greater justice to the beauties of that country

"than even Claude himself" should not have had "to let the finest period of his genius pass away without visiting those scenes which, if possible, would suggest still nobler images of grandeur and of beauty than his pencil has yet given us, and excite him to still greater efforts than those which have already proved him the foremost genius of his time." Turner, later, though not commonly noted for exquisite manners, paid Lawrence a pretty compliment. A picture of his was hung between two of Lawrence's which were killed by Turner's colours—Turner toned his down with lamp-black before the exhibition opened.

A good deal of Mr. Goldring's space is occupied with an account, freely fortified with letters, of Lawrence's complications with the Siddons family. He had an understanding with the elder of two consumptive daughters, was temporarily "vamped" by the younger (who seems to have been a devouring little fiend), and then reverted to the other, a sensitive and sensible girl. For the story as to how the younger died, vindictively extracting an oath from her sister as to future relations with Lawrence, and what happened after (Lawrence nearly went mad) I must refer the reader to the book. I think Mr. Goldring a little hard on Sally, who can hardly be reproached for taking such a vow seriously, even if it was obtained under duress.

Lawrence had no vices and was not personally extravagant; but he could not manage money and he could not help giving it away. "Poor Sir Thomas," said his housekeeper to Haydon, after his death, "always in trouble. Always something to worry him." But, unlike some sensitives, he did not inflict his "worries" on the world at large, either through his art or otherwise.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 512 of this issue.



MR. DOUGLAS GOLDRING, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Born in 1887, Mr. Goldring was educated at Felsted. He is a founder member of the Georgian Group. As a young man he worked under Ford Madox Ford on the *English Review*, and one of his recent books, "The last Pre-Raphaelite," is a biography of Ford. Mr. Goldring is the author of a number of novels, essays, books of travel, reminiscences, and a volume of autobiography.



MARIA SIDMONS. THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT WAS TAKEN BY LAWRENCE IN 1797. THIS LITHOGRAPH REPRODUCTION WAS MADE FROM IT IN 1830, BY R. J. LANE. In the British Museum.



SALLY SIDMONS, ELDER DAUGHTER OF MRS. SIDMONS. FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY R. J. LANE. LAWRENCE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE MADE THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN 1800. In the British Museum.

\* "Regency Portrait Painter: The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A." By Douglas Goldring. Illustrated. (Macdonald; 21s.)





(ABOVE.) IN THE GROUNDS OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ON MARCH 16: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE HEADMASTER, MR. A. G. ELLIOT-SMITH, WHO ENTERTAINED HER AT LUNCH.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH Duchess of Edinburgh (who flew to Malta on March 19), paid a visit to Cheltenham on March 16. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, and the Duchess of Beaufort, was met at the town boundaries by the Mayor of Cheltenham. He was presented, and she then inspected a Guard of Honour from the Central Flying School, Little Rissington, and returned to her car with the Mayor, who took leave of her near Cheltenham College. The Princess was received at the College by the Headmaster, Mr. A. G. Elliot-Smith and, after lunch, was shown round by prefects. Later she cut the first turf of a housing estate and planted a tree. She then inspected a guard of honour of Dean Close schoolboys (Dean Close School was founded in 1886 in memory of the late Francis Close, Dean of Carlisle), and at the Lama Road housing

(Continued below, centre.)

## BEFORE LEAVING FOR MALTA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTING CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.



EXAMINING MODEL AIRCRAFT DURING HER INSPECTION OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO WAS SHOWN ROUND BY PREFECTS.



(LEFT.) EXAMINING THE WORK OF ONE OF THE BOYS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE JUNIOR ART CLASS. MUSIC AND ART TAKE AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THE LIFE OF THE COLLEGE.

Continued.] estate, saw the first Schindler-Goehner prefabricated houses erected in this country. Cheltenham College was founded in 1841. Its centenary building has exceptionally fine class-rooms, each named after one of the first thirteen Old Cheltonian winners of the Victoria Cross.

(RIGHT.) IN THE DRAWING OFFICE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH STUDYING THE WORK. MUSIC AND ART FORM PART OF THE INSTRUCTION IN MANY CLASSES AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

ILLUSTRATING THE PLEASANT INFORMALITY OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO CHELTENHAM COLLEGE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH HER ESCORT OF PREFECTS, WALKING IN THE PRECINCTS, WHILE JUNIOR BOYS TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS.







ABADAN, THE WORLD'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY, AND THE HUB OF THE HUGE INDUSTRY WHICH PERSIA SEEKS TO NATIONALISE: A VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT.



HOUSES FOR PERSIAN ARTISANS, ERECTED AT ABADAN BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, WHICH SINCE 1933 HAS BROUGHT PROSPERITY TO PERSIA.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT ABADAN, WHICH WAS BUILT, AND IS STAFFED AND MAINTAINED, BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY (LARGELY BRITISH-GOVERNMENT OWNED).



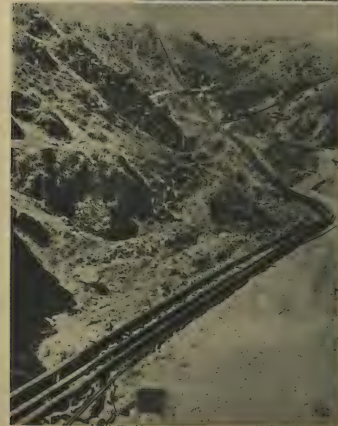
ONE OF THE AMENITIES AT THE GREAT OIL PORT AND REFINERY, ABADAN, BUILT FOR ITS EMPLOYEES BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY: THE CINEMA.

THE assassination of General Razmara, Prime Minister of Persia, by Muslim extremists on March 7, led to new Nationalist demands that the Persian oil industry should be nationalised: and on March 8 the Oil Commission of the Persian Parliament voted overwhelmingly in favour of this course. As the industry has been almost entirely developed and is controlled by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (which, in turn, is controlled by the British Government), the British Ambassador in Teheran was instructed on March 14 to present a note to the Persian Government expressing the British Government's concern about the affairs of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Persia. On March 15 the Persian Majlis (Parliament) unanimously decided to confirm the decision of its Oil Committee to nationalise the country's oil industry. This Oil Committee had also rejected the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's supplemental

(Continued opposite.)



A VIEW OF SOME OF THE HUGE DISTILLATION UNITS IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST OIL REFINERY PLANT AT ABADAN, ON THE SHATT-EL-ARAB, LEADING TO THE PERSIAN GULF.



CONVEYING PERSIA'S CHIEF WEALTH—OIL—to THE REFINERIES AT ABADAN: PIPELINES IN MOUNTAINOUS SOUTHERN PERSIA.



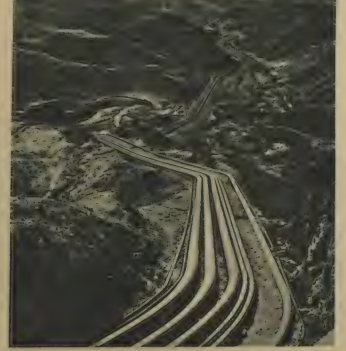
AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF ABADAN: SHOWING, ON THE LEFT, THE WATERS OF THE SHATT-EL-ARAB; (FOREGROUND) PART OF THE REFINERY; AND (BEYOND) RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS.



ABADAN BY NIGHT: A STRIKING PICTURE OF THE GREAT REFINERY AT ABADAN. NOW THE WORLD'S GREATEST REFINERY, WITH A POPULATION OF 40,000, ABADAN HARDLY EXISTED TWENTY YEARS AGO.



WITH TALL CHIMNEYS AND FRACTIONATING TOWERS DOMINATING THE HIGHLY INDUSTRIALISED SCENE: THE GAS AND SPECIAL PRODUCTS AREAS OF ABADAN, THE WORLD'S GREATEST OIL REFINERY.



OIL PIPELINES LYING IN THE DESOLATE AND MOUNTAINOUS AREAS OF SOUTHERN PERSIA, BRINGING THE OIL TO ABADAN.

(Continued.) agreement, which had put forward substantial increases in the Persian Government's oil royalties. Meanwhile it became understood that the British Note to Persia pointed out that the agreement between the Persian Government and the Company can not be altered unilaterally before its expiry in 1953. On March 20 the Persian Senate unanimously approved the decision to nationalise the oil industry and the Shah proclaimed martial law, with a curfew, for a term of two months, and it was announced that the Shah himself would broadcast to the nation on March 21. It seems unlikely that Persia could manage this huge industry, whose size and phenomenal growth is epitomised in Abadan, which in 1929 was not even marked on the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" map of the Persian Gulf, but which is now a city of 40,000 inhabitants and not only the world's largest oil refinery, but also a unique product of British industry.

ABADAN: THE WORLD'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY AND THE HUB OF THE HUGE AND STRATEGIC ANGLO-

PERSIAN OIL INDUSTRY WHICH THE PERSIAN GOVERNMENT SEEKS UNILATERALLY TO NATIONALISE.





DEMONSTRATED ON THE MILITARY PROVING GROUNDS NEAR BOURGES: THE NEW FRENCH 50-TON TANK WHICH IS ARMED WITH A 3.9-IN. GUN AND THREE .29-IN. MACHINE-GUNS. THE TANK HAS A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 30 M.P.H., AND WAS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES FOR PRESS REPRESENTATIVES.



RESEMBLING A BREM-CARRIER, BUT PROVIDING MORE STORAGE SPACE: A 1-TON HOTCHKISS AMMUNITION-CARRIER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR USE BY AIRBORNE FORCES.



THE HOTCHKISS TRACKED VEHICLE IN ANOTHER FORM: A CARRIER DESIGNED TO TRANSPORT PERSONNEL OVER ROUGH GROUND AND USEFUL FOR RECONNAISSANCE PURPOSES.



THE FRENCH VERSION OF THE UBIQUITOUS JEEP: A LIGHT CROSS-COUNTRY VEHICLE MANUFACTURED BY THE DELAHAYE AUTOMOBILE FIRM FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.

AT the end of World War II: France was left without an arms industry and many of the arsenals were producing civilian goods. Yet the great need of Western defence is the production of arms in quantity and standardisation is less important, providing that ammunition is interchangeable. The French Government put in hand a rearmament programme, and in spite of having to start from nothing, many new weapons and vehicles have already been produced which compare favourably with the most modern British and American equipment. A demonstration of French equipment was given at Baumholder camp in the French Zone of Germany on February 3, and some of the vehicles on view were illustrated in our issue of February 24. On March 7, French and foreign Press

[Continued opposite.



ARMED WITH A 75-MM. (2.9 IN.) GUN AND HAVING A ROAD SPEED OF 60 M.P.H.: THE SOMUA ARMOURD RECONNAISSANCE VEHICLE WHOSE FOUR MIDDLE TRACTOR TREAD WHEELS ARE LOWERED FOR CROSS-COUNTRY TRAVELLING.

FROM A 50-TON TANK TO THE UBIQUITOUS JEEP: NEW VEHICLES FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.





(ABOVE.) CAPABLE OF FIRING A 28-LB. PROJECTILE OVER FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILES AT A RATE OF TEN ROUNDS A MINUTE: THE NEW 120-MM. (4·7 IN.) "BRANDT" MORTAR.

*Continued.*  
representatives were invited to view these new weapons at the Military Proving Grounds near Bourges, and here and on the facing page we show some of the equipment displayed, which included artillery, tanks and small arms. The new French recoilless gun, bazooka and jeep have their American counterparts, but the Somua armoured reconnaissance vehicle, with its eight wheels, four of which have a tractor tread and are lowered for use in cross-country travelling, and an anti-tank grenade which can be fired from an ordinary rifle, owe nothing to American invention. In addition to the 50-ton tank shown here, the French have developed a 13-ton tank which is stated to provide an outstanding solution to the threefold problem of speed, fire-power and weight of armour. The French bazooka is claimed to be unequalled for trajectory, muzzle velocity and lightness. It has a range of 300 yds. and a penetration of over 11 ins.



RESEMBLING THE U.S. 75-MM. (2·9 IN.) RECOILLESS GUN USED IN EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC IN WORLD WAR II.: THE NEW FRENCH 75-MM. RECOILLESS WEAPON.



TESTING THE MANŒUVRABILITY AND CROSS-COUNTRY PERFORMANCE OF THE NEW 50-TON TANK: A DEMONSTRATION AT BOURGES.



WEIGHING ABOUT 8 LB. AND WITH AN EFFECTIVE RANGE OF 300 YARDS: THE FRENCH 76-MM. (2·9 IN.) BAZOOKA—UNEQUALLED FOR MUZZLE VELOCITY AND LIGHTNESS.



A NEW ANTI-TANK WEAPON FOR THE FRENCH INFANTRY: THE DEMONSTRATION OF AN ANTI-TANK GRENADE WHICH CAN BE FIRED FROM AN ORDINARY RIFLE.

INCREASING THE FIRE-POWER OF THE FRENCH FIGHTING-MAN: NEW WEAPONS RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED.



THE Gambia poultry-farming scheme has shocked a nation which has become so inured to the lamentable miscalculations of State trading and management that it has almost lost the ability to respond to shocks originating in this field. For one thing, the problem is familiar to people of all classes and of all levels of income. Few grow ground-nuts, but a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom keep poultry, from the dweller in the industrial quarters of the big cities with a few square yards at his disposal, to the farmer who can let his hens run over many acres of stubble. Most of them, unless bred up to the business, have bought their knowledge dearly. As for the real experts among them, many of whom do the thing on a considerable scale, they are the most cautious and often the most pessimistic of all. They have come to realise that successful poultry rearing and egg-production is a personal trade. Even in this country before the war the very big undertakings incurred risks because the master's eyes could not cover them, and it was often held that there existed an economic maximum, beyond which diminishing rather than increasing returns were to be expected.

This, however, is a country in which poultry thrives. To set up a vast scheme on the coast of West Africa within 15 degrees of the Equator was a venture demanding care and experience. If one of the great corporations in the African trade had embarked upon it, it would undoubtedly have proceeded slowly in order to avoid heavy loss in obtaining the experience. But it was considered that there was no time for experiment. Someone had whispered into quick but not highly intelligent ears that Africa was an untapped continent. It was the continent which was to free us from the sordid business of bargaining with people like the Danes and the Irish, who, rapacious wretches that they were, kept on asking the market price for their goods—unlike Britain, who practically gave her coal away. At the same time, it was to prove the virtue of State farming and show up the weaknesses and stupidities of private enterprise. The thing must be started at full blast: 20,000,000 eggs and 1,000,000 lb. of dressed poultry to feed tourists and such native Britons as could afford it would do for a start. Experts stooped over the pens and made encouraging noises. But the hens either faded away and gradually died or, at all events, would not respond to blandishments. Instead of 20,000,000—38,000 eggs were produced. The cost was £825,000. Wicked, lying critics have announced that the cost was over £20 an egg. They are leaving out the table poultry. The price was probably not much above a mere £10 an egg.

As I have said, people seem to be more scandalised than they were over the ground-nuts, though these were many times more costly. Perhaps they felt that, as the law allows a dog one bite, public opinion should allow bureaucracy one folly in each field. Besides, a great deal had happened since the collapse of the ground-nut scheme. About the time we were hearing of the poultry fiasco, we were also learning of the disposal of some trifling stocks not required by the Overseas Food Corporation, including many thousand bottles of spirits, originally paid for by the British taxpayer, and which, I take it, we should never have heard anything about but for the fact that there occurred a sudden interruption of the Corporation's activities. I should not be candid were I not to admit that I have from time to time drunk a cocktail paid for by the taxpayer, but I still do not see why drinks for officials who are on the whole highly paid, rich as things go nowadays, should be paid for by taxpayers who are for the most part poor, and can only in a minority of cases afford such drinks themselves. Then, what I have said about the poultry has perhaps suggested that the ground-nuts should be forgotten; but, if they have been, the poultry have revived the memory of them, and very rightly.

Yet another subject much in the public mind, though not the public stomach—that is the trouble—is meat. The butchers have been receiving large sums of public money in compensation for the meat which they are not allowed to sell and which they could have sold at 2d. a lb. more than the present price of (mostly non-existent) meat. Meanwhile, households are forced

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE DISASTERS OF STATE TRADING.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

to pay much higher increments, which they cannot afford, for unrationed food, in many cases also imported. It is not those with money in their purses who suffer, but those who can afford only simple, plain, standard foods.

I will give only one other cause of complaint. It affects only a limited number of people directly, but many others, who may never have heard of it, indirectly. There has come under my notice the plight of an importer. I need not specify his chief commodity, but will say that it goes all over the country, much of it being sent out at short notice and in relatively small packets by road. In the old days it never occurred to this merchant to ask whether British road transport was good or bad. He

and trades concerned and because they started with the splendid reserves which many of them had prudently established. Again, we now tend to forget that in time of war there is always a market for the essential or for what has come from the social point of view to be regarded as such. Cost, when bare existence was at stake, was a less important factor

than it is in peace—by the same token, grave errors and miscalculations which can now be discovered were then shrouded in secrecy. If in time of war the Ministry of Food had refused to buy Irish eggs at a reasonable price, the Cabinet would have quickly overridden its decision.

The second fallacy is graver. It lies in the belief that enlargement of the extent of enterprises working under a single management must in itself lead to economy and efficiency. It is strange that this doctrine, which used to be that of private industry, should become Governmental gospel just when private industry is beginning to see that it is questionable. It is, in fact, being found that when industries under a single management expand beyond a certain size they tend to do all the things which are the vices of a swollen bureaucracy. They begin to accumulate at the top, and sometimes at the top of each of their branches, a floating population of production, buying, sales, management, advertising, disciplinary, welfare, and other experts and advisers. A considerable proportion of these soon find out that either they themselves or some of their colleagues are redundant. They jostle for their places and produce scheme after scheme, infringing not only on the ground of colleagues who have become deadly rivals but also on that of the legitimate managers. The latter continue to bear the responsibility, but have to put up with interference which in many respects denies them proper control over their departments.

We have seen the same thing in the recent assertion that it is necessary to appoint a Supreme Allied Commander in the Atlantic. We see it in naval squadrons of two ships, one carrying an admiral's flag and a large staff. We see it in the ever-expanding staffs of formations, some members of which are driven to invent work in order to justify their appointments. Here I think the Americans are the worst culprits, but we come a good—or perhaps it should be called a bad—second. We see it in the growth of what is technically called "the divisional slice," the number of divisions and their strength, with "tail," in relation to the number of troops under arms, either in the nation as a whole or in a theatre of war. We see it in excessive numbers of airmen who do not fly in proportion to those who do, or to first-line aircraft. But, just as there is now a real effort to get rid of extravagance of this sort in military life, so in that of business there is some sign of an appreciation of the danger which is developing. I have even heard of one or two measures of decentralisation with the object of meeting it. There will be more if we get a real buyer's market at any future period.

This ought not to be a matter of party politics and it is tragic that it should become so. Reasonable men ought to agree that on balance the nationalisation of the railways was desirable, even if it has brought with

it some serious disadvantages, notably irresponsibility in bargaining. There is a strong case for nationalisation of the coal-mines, even though many pitmen are now saying that matters went more smoothly before the setting-up of the Coal Board. It is absurd not to recognise that some measures of control have not ceased to be necessary and may be so for a considerable time to come. In the same way, we must submit to the fact that modern armies, navies and air forces cannot conveniently and efficiently be run with staffs of the size of those of the First World War. Yet the mania for bureaucratic control, allied with a passion for mere enormity, represents a danger to our civilisation itself. Many of those who are beset with these maladies profess to be the foes of Communism. Nevertheless, if they continue to move along present lines and go on building up an uncontrolled and arbitrary State with everything in its hands, they will create in this country the Communist system which they claim to oppose.

### NEW SHIPS FOR THE FRENCH NAVY.



TO BE COMPLETED AS AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT CRUISER: A DRAWING OF THE 8000-TON *DE GRASSE* AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN IN COMMISSION.

The 8000-ton cruiser *De Grasse* was laid down at Lorient in 1938, but construction was suspended during the German occupation. Work was resumed in 1946, and the vessel was launched in August, 1946, when building was again stopped owing to the financial situation. Originally designed to carry nine 6-in. guns, *De Grasse* is now to be completed as an anti-aircraft cruiser with modified armament. For security reasons no photographs of this ship are yet available.



AN ACQUISITION; AND NEW CONSTRUCTION IN THE FRENCH NAVY: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *LA FAYETTE* (EX-U.S.S. *LANGLEY*) AND THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT ESCORT *T-47*.

The 11,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Langley*, completed in 1943, was recently handed over to the French Navy in the United States, where she is working up preparatory to joining the French Fleet in Indo-Chinese waters. This 33-knot carrier is equipped with *Helicat* and *Heldiver* aircraft. The anti-aircraft escort *T-47* is the first of two such vessels authorised in 1949 and 1950 respectively. These 2700-ton 34-knot vessels are armed with six 5-in. A.A. guns, six 2.25-in. A.A. guns, four 21.7-in. torpedo-tubes and a number of anti-submarine weapons.

From the drawing by A. Brenet.

telephoned to give his order and asked for the date of delivery. The reply was generally that it would be to-morrow; if it were the day after he might protest; if that did not serve him he might grumble for a few minutes. Unless the lorry-driver had a fit at the wheel and his mishap was not discovered for some hours, there was no question of delay in the schedule of delivery. Now, he asserts, consignments sometimes disappear for anything up to a fortnight. They are swallowed up. Trunk calls up and down the country fail to trace them. It is true they arrive in the end, but the delay results in wasted time and temper, dissatisfied customers, and delay in production.

Two fallacies appear to me to invalidate much of the pleading in favour of State trading and nationalised industries. The first is that Government control worked well in the war. Here various considerations are left out of account. Controls worked well up to a point, though with some serious lapses, partly because they were based to a larger extent than is now the case upon the professional skill of the industries



## IMMORTAL ROME—OF THE EMPERORS, THE POPES, AND THE TOURIST.



THE HEART OF OLD PAPAL ROME AND THE CENTRE OF THE "FOREIGNER'S ROME": THE SPANISH STEPS, SEEN FROM PIETRO BERNINI'S SHIP FOUNTAIN, WITH KEATS' HOUSE ON THE EXTREME RIGHT AND THE TOWERS OF SANTA TRINITA DE' MONTI RISING ABOVE THE FLOWER-SELLERS.



THE COLOSSEUM—BY ARTIFICIAL MOONLIGHT: THE GIGANTIC AMPHITHEATRE OF IMPERIAL ROME, WHICH, BATHED IN FLOODLIGHT FROM THE LEFT, NOW DOMINATES ONE END OF MUSSOLINI'S MOST STRIKING (AND MOST DISPUTED) ACHIEVEMENT IN ROME, THE GREAT VIA DELL' IMPERO, WHICH RUNS FROM THE PIAZZA VENEZIA.

These two new drawings of Rome by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, show as they are to-day two aspects of what is especially the foreigner's and the tourist's Rome. The Piazza di Spagna, so named from the Palace of the Spanish Ambassador to the Papal See, which faces the steps, is crowned by the Church of Santa Trinita, which was built by Charles VIII. of France. The steps themselves were built between 1721 and 1725 out of a French Ambassador's legacy; and the scene, for English visitors, is rendered interesting by the presence of the house where Keats died in 1821, and which is now the Keats-

Shelley Memorial Museum. The site of the flower-sellers' stalls used formerly to be the meeting- and hiring-place for artists' models. The Colosseum by moonlight used to be one of the world's great romantic sights. Whether the artificial variety is quite so satisfactory is debatable—as is the great road, the Via dell' Impero, which Mussolini cut from the Piazza Venezia, past the Forum of Trajan to the Colosseum, making indeed a magnificent and theatrical vista, but destroying much of the character of this part of Rome. [Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau.]





**SALUTING THE POPE: AN IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE IN ST. PETER'S AS THE SWISS GUARDS DROP ON ONE KNEE, WITH HALBERD VERTICAL, AS HIS HOLINESS TAKES HIS PLACE AT THE HIGH ALTAR.**

The Swiss Guards, the Pope's personal escort, are a survival of the Swiss halberdiers, a corps of infantrymen that Pope Julius II. established in Rome in 1505. Every visitor to St. Peter's has seen these picturesque Swiss Guards in their medieval uniforms of slashed red, yellow and blue, said to have been designed by Michelangelo. On State occasions they wear steel body armour over their

uniforms with steel morions on their heads surmounted by red feather plumes. The Swiss Guards are recruited from the Cantons of Switzerland, and consist of a company of 120 men commanded by a Colonel. Originally they were only recruited from the canton of Lucerne. Our drawing, by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, is an impression of a ceremony during the celebration of

Pontifical High Mass in St. Peter's. Having marched in their customary stations as escort in the procession from the Papal Apartments in the Vatican to the Basilica, the guards form up facing the great canopy designed by Bernini which surmounts the High Altar, below which is the tomb of St. Peter. When the Pope takes his place at the High Altar, where only he or a priest specially

nominated by him may celebrate Mass, the Swiss Guards drop on the right knee with halberd at the vertical, in salutation to the Holy Father. This salute forms part of the routine drill taught to all recruits when they join the Guards, and is a most impressive sight. The protection of the Pope's person is entrusted to the Corps of the Noble Guards, a small body of comparatively recent creation.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, DURING A VISIT TO ROME.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## ROCK-GARDEN TREES AND SHRUBS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

IN discussing dwarf trees and shrubs for the rock-garden, I shall name only a few of those sorts which I personally would plant in the

type of rock-garden that I would wish to have. Every rock-gardener has his own aims and ideals. Some folk make rock-gardens because others make them, just as some acquire sundials, bird-baths and concrete gnomes. Others collect rare and difficult Alpines—the rarer and more difficult the better—and plant them with a neatness that would do credit to a philatelist, in a stony setting with as much beauty as a postage-stamp album—or a post office.

Then there is what one might call the musical-comedy type of rock-garden. Usually it is both extensive and expensive. There are rocks, of course, and pools, cascades and little bridges. There are standard wisterias, Japanese maples, dazzling azaleas, hardy fuchsias, even pampas grass. To help the rock-garden illusion there will be sheets of *Lithospermum prostratum*, Alpine phloxes, aubrietias and primulas, squandered around in a species of jazz bedding-out. It's all as gay and pretty as the back-cloth of a musical comedy, set partly in Japan, and partly in the Tyrol. Don't think I despise this type of rock-garden. I don't. Nor do I despise the enthusiast's humble mound, with stone from a builder's yard and London pride, double arabis and creeping Jenny. I like musical comedy and I respect enthusiasm. But I don't want musical comedy in my own garden—and, alas! I could not afford it if I did.

The sort of rock-garden that I like best is the one-man show, built and tended by its owner. It should be built with some feeling for the way in which rocks occur in nature, and planted with some feeling for the types of plants which naturally occur in high, rocky places. Yet it need not be too slavishly geological, and the plants need not all be strictly Alpine. The rock-garden should be a suggestive picture rather than a meticulous photographic reproduction of nature. Dwarf trees and shrubs are immensely useful in creating a pleasant feeling of solid permanence in a rock-garden that inclines towards the Alps rather than musical comedy. Quite apart from their own picturesque character, they suggest the dwarfed, hard-bitten look of windswept trees in the high Alps. But they should be chosen with care and placed with tact. They should never be so big as to dwarf the rocks and throw the picture out of scale. And their immediate neighbours should be chosen with especial care. A miniature pine, or juniper, planted on a lower rock-garden slope and carpeted with a close sward of creeping thyme, can look magnificent—a stunted but dignified veteran. But cheek by jowl with a geum or anemone of its own height the tree will lose all point and character.

My favourite among all conifers for the rock-garden is the Noah's Ark juniper. *Juniperus communis compressa*, often called in nursery catalogues *J. hibernica compressa*. It forms an erect, slender, tapered column, dense and compact, of green and blue-green foliage. It is a very slow grower, seldom adding more than half-an-inch, or an inch at most, per year to its stature. This being so, and as it starts life as an inch-long cutting that takes months to strike, it is always rather expensive to buy. In view therefore of its charm, and the years that it takes to produce even a four- or five-inch specimen, it should be realised that no price that your nurseryman has the nerve to ask for a Noah's Ark juniper is too much, and that whatever the price he is probably losing money.

Now and then, but fortunately only very occasionally, this minute juniper will go slightly haywire. A single shoot in its side will start growing vigorously. The

whole of the rest of the tree remains dwarf, but the one branch shoots up in the likeness of the Irish juniper, *J. communis fastigiata*, which can reach a height of 10 or 15 ft. or more. My theory is that the pigmy *J. c. compressa* originated as a branch sport on the Irish juniper, was removed and struck as a cutting, and has been propagated in that way ever since. When a branch of the tiny *J. c. compressa*

very rare variety, and is even slower growing than *J. c. compressa*. About thirty years ago I bought a specimen. It resembled a green hedgehog about as big as a golf-ball. Its tiny leaves were very sharp. It lived in a pot, or rather, a series of larger and larger pots, until last autumn. It remained perfectly

healthy, and grew at about the pace of a stalactite—if as fast, and in the course of ages it grew from a tight ball into a little old tree, with a trunk. It stands exactly 9 ins. high, with a head about 12 ins. across. The trunk, which has taken a picturesque, sideways lean, is an inch in diameter at the base, and is clothed in great flakes of rough scaling bark. That bark is the tree's most venerable and cherished beauty, and I am terrified that some tidy-minded ass will some day strip it off. Last autumn I planted my juniper in a very big stone trough-garden, where it fits perfectly into the miniature landscape, and now looks more gnarled, venerable and gnome-like than ever. In its pot it never quite assumed a poise that pleased me, and I never trained, pruned or otherwise coerced it.

*Juniperus sabina tamariscifolia* is one of the most beautiful conifers that I know, but although a slow grower it becomes too big eventually for a small garden. For the outskirts of a fair-sized or large rock-garden, or as an isolated lawn specimen, it is superb. Never rising more than a foot or two high, its branches spread out horizontally in all directions like dark, blue-green flames touched with glaucous, steel-blue lights.

Among the Christmas-trees, Abies, there are a number of dwarf, slow-growing varieties which are excellent for the rock-garden. But their names are in such a hopeless state of confusion and contradiction that I shall not attempt to sort them out or even suggest any of them here. The only satisfactory way to obtain them is to go to one of the big nurseries that specialise in choice trees and shrubs, especially conifers, and that at the same time specialise in integrity, and there make your choice. The same applies to the dwarf Retinosporas. One trouble is that some of the "dwarf conifers," especially the Retinosporas, are only dwarf when they are sold. The variety *R. obtusa nana*, which used to be sold—and possibly still is—as a dwarf, is a case in point. A month or two ago I saw a specimen which had been planted in a small rock-garden, some twenty-five years ago. It had reached a height of 10 ft., and was still going strongly, if slowly. Such varieties may, of course, be kept within bounds by judicious pruning; and thinning out whole branches, so as to open up and show their trunks and main branches, is a good way of giving them a stunted windswept air, whilst careful root-pruning will check their exuberance. But among the Retinosporas, there are some forms which really are genuine all-time dwarfs.

The Scotch pine, *Pinus sylvestris* has given one charming pigmy variety, *P. s. beuvronensis*, which, alas, has become very rare in English nurseries in recent years. I wish some nurseryman would start propagating it again, for it is a gem for the rock- and the sink-garden. About twenty-five years ago I planted a very small specimen in an old stone trough, where it still flourishes, and still grows—very, very slowly. A rugged 20-in. giant. The golden Scotch pine, *P. s. aurea*, is another slow grower, though I have seen a really old specimen that was 8 or 9 ft. high. Green throughout the summer it turns as gold as a guinea in autumn, and so remains throughout the winter, suggesting a warm gleam of golden sunset to cheer the darkest days. Without mentioning any dwarf flowering shrubs for the garden, I still have not quite finished with the conifers. It is plain that I must spill over into another article.



"A RUGGED 20-IN. GIANT": A SPECIMEN OF THE PIGMY VARIETY OF THE SCOTCH PINE, *PINUS SYLVESTRIS BEUVRONENSIS*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT PLANTED ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO IN "AN OLD STONE TROUGH, WHERE IT STILL FLOURISHES, AND STILL GROWS—VERY, VERY SLOWLY." [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]



A NOBLE SNOWSCAPE—IN MINIATURE: ERECT, SLENDER, DENSE, COMPACT, AND ONLY A FEW INCHES HIGH, THE NOAH'S ARK JUNIPER, *JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS COMPRESSA*—"MY FAVOURITE AMONG ALL CONIFERS FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN." [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]

bolts off as I have described, it is, I believe, just a case of reversion to the parent type. The remedy is simple. The bolting branch must be cut clean out. This enchanting dwarf is the ideal miniature for planting in the sink- or trough-garden. The Hedgehog juniper *Juniperus communis echinoformis* is an interesting but





WITH HIS POWERFUL ARM UPSTRETCHED: ONE OF A PAIR OF ORANG-UTANS IN THE SURABAYA ZOO; IN CONTRAST TO THE ARMS, THEIR LEGS ARE WEAK.



ENJOYING A MID-DAY SIESTA: THE ORANG-UTANS ARE PHOTOGRAPHED UNAWARES. THEIR ENTIRE DIET CONSISTS OF FRUIT AND LEAVES.

In the Zoo at Surabaya, Java, are a pair of huge Orang-utans which are claimed to be the largest in captivity. The Orang-utan, "The Old Man of the Woods," comes from Sumatra and Borneo, but the keeper in the Surabaya Zoo claims that the pair in his charge come from Celebes. These strange-looking mammals are heavily-built, up to 4½ ft. high and 200 lb. in weight, slow in movement, with powerful arms and very weak legs. They live in the trees of the dense forests and make sleeping-nests of branches and leaves. The coat of the Orang-utan

## CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN CAPTIVITY: A PAIR OF ORANG-UTANS IN SURABAYA ZOO.



THE TWO LARGEST ORANG-UTANS IN CAPTIVITY: A MALE AND FEMALE IN THE SURABAYA ZOO; THEIR MALAY KEEPER (LEFT) IS OFFERING THEM A DELICACY.



INTERESTING, BUT NO OIL PAINTING: THE FACE OF THE MALE ORANG-UTAN, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE EYES. THE LIPS ARE VERY MOBILE.

is long, coarse and reddish, the lips are very mobile. A remarkable feature of the Orang-utan is the enormous air-sac, or pouch (see photograph, bottom, right) which, opening from the larynx, extends between the skin and muscles, around the front of the neck and over the breast to the armpits on each side. It serves as a voice-resonator. In the photograph (bottom, left) it is interesting to compare the size of the thumb with the fingers. The teeth of the Orang-utan are as sharp and dangerous as those of the lion or tiger.



## THE MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF ROMAN PARADE ARMOUR EVER MADE: AN IMPERIAL CAVALRY "SPORTS STORE" TURNED UP BY A WORKMAN'S SPADE IN BAVARIA.

By PROFESSOR GERHARD BERSU, Hon. F.S.A., of Dublin and Frankfurt (Main).

IT not infrequently happens that by some strange coincidence chance discoveries of archaeological objects of a similar character are made in widely different areas in a relatively short space of time; and then many years pass by before any other objects of the same kind are discovered.

In *The Illustrated London News* of September 20, 1947, there was reported the chance find of a rare kind of Roman helmet at Worthing, in Norfolk; and this was followed by the, again accidental, discovery of the vizor mask of this helmet (*The Illustrated London News*, December 9, 1950). Somewhat similarly, a fine vizor mask of a similar helmet (Figs. 2 and 3) was dredged in 1939 from a gravel-pit at Strass Moos, in Bavaria; and this discovery was followed on October 27, 1950, by the discovery at Straubing, in Bavaria, of the largest group of Roman cavalry sports equipment ever made, and one which throws new light on a most interesting group of Roman antiquities. I am indebted to the courtesy of the Bayerische Landesamt für Denkmalpflege at Munich, and to that of Dr. Hans Klumbach, of the Römisch-Germanisches Zentralmuseum at Mainz, for permission to report on it here, for the photographs used in Figs. 4-12, and for information extracted from the forthcoming description (*Der Römische Schatzfund von Straubing*: by Josef Keim and Hans Klumbach. 45 Plates, 60 pages; Munich, 1951. C. Beck, editor).

All the objects discovered have now been cleaned, restored and have been exhibited since March 17 to the public at the Bayerisches National Museum at Munich, on loan from the Straubing Museum.

During building operations at Straubing, in Bavaria (the *Sorviodurum* of the *Peutinger Map*), workmen came upon a heap of rusted iron tools at a depth of only one foot, and one man's pick struck a big bronze cauldron, mouth downwards in the earth (Fig. 12). As the hole was quickly enlarged, there was great excitement when

it was seen that the cauldron covered a mass of bronze objects, gilded and elaborately worked. As the site is near the main building of a Roman villa, which has been known for many years, the supervising engineers had been alert for possible finds, and the Director of the Straubing Museum, Herr Josef Keim, was at once informed of what had happened. A young archaeologist, Dr. Hundt, also reached the spot at once, and together they were able to investigate fully the circumstances of the find and to recover, in all probability, all the objects which had been hidden there—in all 116 items. The most important objects were those lying under the cauldron,

the equipment from the "sports store" of a Roman cavalry formation. There were seven bronze vizor masks (Figs. 9 and 10) of helmets, the iron back part of a similar helmet (Fig. 11), five greaves (Fig. 8), six knee-caps, forming part of such greaves (Fig. 7), seven chamfrons (Figs. 4 and 5), all superbly beaten from thin bronze plate, with repoussé and incised decorations, gilded and silvered on the surface. Many bear impressed inscriptions giving the names of former owners, with the letter "T" (for *turma*, or squadron) added. Some have several such inscriptions, indicating that the objects changed ownership; and some

must have looked as gay as the knights in mediæval tournaments; and these exercises in the dismal frontier posts of the Empire must have made a deep impression on the barbarians beyond the frontier.

The objects themselves convey much information that is new. The range of motifs represented on them throws light on the religious beliefs of the time, while the style and selection of the motifs suggest that we should look to the provinces of the lower Danube for the location of the privately owned workshops at which they were made; and, presumably, distributed or sold to the various units of the Imperial Armies stationed at strategic points along or behind the *limes*. The inscriptions show that they were taken by the owners with them when they changed garrisons, and that they were transmitted from owner to owner.

Two miles away from the site of the discovery

lies the frontier post from which these objects most likely came. There was a permanent camp there, guarding the point where an important road leading north to Bohemia crossed the Danube. And here it is known: was garrisoned a *cohors milliaria Canathenorum sagittariorum*, a unit originally recruited from Canatha, in Syria, which would include also the cavalry formations so necessary for scouting operations inside hostile territory. If the blade of a sword, a dagger and four iron spearheads which were buried just outside the cauldron suggest that our discovery was a cache of equipment of soldiers from this camp during times of unrest, the seven statuettes (Fig. 6) show that we have to deal with material of other than military provenance. Moreover, there were deposited near the cauldron the folded-up blade of a tree-felling saw, 30 ins. long and of the unusual breadth of 8 ins., and broken pieces of other saw-blades. A sickle, a trowel, a horse-bit, seven hipposandals of iron (an early and primitive form

of horseshoe)—supposedly used for sick horses—a comb of iron, fetters with a padlock (curiously enough, fetters were also found at Worthing), six big keys, nine iron crowbars, 2 ft. long, sockets from handles of tools, fragments from mounts from carts and boxes, iron hoops, iron cramps, iron nails and fragments of bronze mounts of boxes and of cauldrons—all these were packed in a heap outside the big bronze cauldron. Such is the typical inventory of hoards of heterogeneous objects, so often found in Roman settlements which had been destroyed and burnt down during the invasions of the barbarians. Traces of fire still to be seen on some of the



FIG. 1. THE RICHEST AND MOST REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF ROMAN PARADE ARMOUR EVER FOUND: A HOARD OF VIZOR MASKS, GREAVES, CHAMFRONS AND MANY OTHER OBJECTS OF GILDED AND SILVERED BRONZE, AS IT WAS FOUND, A FOOT BENEATH THE SURFACE, BY A WORKMAN'S SPADE AT STRAUBING, BAVARIA. THE CAULDRON (RIGHT) WAS TURNED OVER THE REMAINDER.



FIGS. 2 AND 3. FRONTAL AND SIDE VIEWS OF THE VIZOR MASK OF A ROMAN PARADE HELMET, FOUND IN GRAVEL DIGGINGS AT STRASS MOOS, IN BAVARIA, IN 1939, BUT NOT PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

This mask, which is 10 ins. high, was dredged from gravel workings in an old course of the Danube at Strass Moos in Bavaria, in 1939. The mask was then nailed to the door of a barracks, but was rescued by an interested amateur and became known to German archaeologists in 1949. It is beaten out of thin bronze plate (82 per cent. copper, 15 per cent. zinc, 2 per cent. tin, 1 per cent. iron). (Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Dr. Paret, of Stuttgart.)

have inscriptions giving the name of the maker's workshop. All these objects are too brittle and thin to have been used in combat; and in fact we already know that such elaborate armour, made in central armouries, was used in sham fights, tournaments and similar displays by the cavalry of the Imperial Roman Army. There is also no doubt that the colour effect of the gold and silver coating of these objects must have had its counterpart in the gay and vivid colours of the non-metallic parts of the equipment, which have, of course, decayed and not survived—the plumes of the helmets, leather straps and ribbons and the clothing proper. The horsemen in this full equipment

objects, the mixture of broken and still usable tools, confirm the theory of junk collected in the ruins and hidden here together with the fine bronze objects. The armour is to be dated on stylistic grounds to the second and third centuries A.D. As we know that this part of the Roman frontier was overrun by Germanic tribes towards the midst of the third century, with heavy loss of life and property and much destruction, it would seem that our hoard was hidden at this time by looters surviving the catastrophe. Fortunately for us, they were not able to recover what they had hidden in this spot, with little discrimination either as to its commercial value or to its future use.



# UNIQUE ROMAN HORSE ARMOUR: CHAMFRONS FOUND RECENTLY IN BAVARIA.

(Right.) Fig. 4. In all, seven chamfrons were found in the astonishing Straubing hoard, whose discovery is described by Professor Bersu on the opposite page. Five of them are of the long type shown in this figure, two others (one considerably modified) of the type of Fig. 5. In Fig. 4 the central panel shows the youthful naked Mars, standing on a giant holding a rock and with legs ending in snakes, while above is an eagle holding a wreath and above this a torc. The background of all the panels is covered with fine punched geometric designs. The hinged outer panels show Castor and Pollux leading horses, with snakes encircling the eye-bosses. These hemispherical eye-bosses are elaborately cut and are silvered, the rest of the chamfron being gilded. Above, in each panel, is a winged Victory. A punched inscription—PROC(ULI) MATERNI OFC(INA)—seems to indicate the name of the maker. The other chamfrons of this type show Mars in armour, also supported by a giant, masks of Gorgons, busts of Mars and Minerva, heads of Persians and sea-dragons all in the same rich style as the example illustrated.

(Below.) Fig. 5. In the Straubing hoard were two chamfrons of this type, and this example is the only complete one. The other will be discussed later. In the example shown the octagonal centre panel carries a head of Gany-mede wearing a Phrygian cap and lifted by an eagle, as in the legend, while, above, is a basket between two heads in profile. The side panels repeat the main motif with winged Victories above and the panels end in birds-of-prey heads. The backgrounds, the Ganymedes, and their caps are silvered, while the eagles, the Victories and the bird profiles are gilded. Through the heads at the side holes are pierced crudely and irregularly to admit light to the horse's eyes, in marked contrast to the elaborate eye-pieces in Fig. 4. The second example (not illustrated) of this style has a long centre panel in the manner of Fig. 4, showing Minerva flanked by two snakes; and it gives the impression that it was not originally made like this but has probably been compounded of two different chamfrons. It is also of interest that the dimensions of all the chamfrons indicate that they were worn by relatively small-headed horses.



FIG. 4. ONE OF FIVE LONG CHAMFRONS, OR FACE-ARMOUR FOR HORSES, FOUND IN THE STRAUBING HOARD, MADE OF THIN BRONZE, GILDED, WITH ELABORATE DECORATION AND EYE-BOSSSES PIERCED IN A COMPLEX PATTERN. COMPARE WITH FIG. 5.



FIG. 5. A ROMAN CHAMFRON OF AN ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE TYPE FOUND IN THE STRAUBING HOARD LAST YEAR: THIN BRONZE PARADE ARMOUR COVERING LIKE GIANT SPECTACLES THE EYES AND PART OF THE NOSE OF THE HORSE, ELABORATELY DECORATED, GILDED AND SILVERED.



## HOUSEHOLD LOOT OR ROMAN "SPORTS TROPHIES"?—AND UNIQUE ARMOUR.



(Above.) Professor Bersu (whose article describing the whole discovery appears on page 500) believes that the discovery of these bronze statuettes and pedestals with the rest of the Straubing find indicates that the hoard was not merely a Roman "sports store" but was a collection of loot made during an invasion and buried for safety. He points out that the statuettes bear no inscriptions and so are unlikely to be dedications for a temple; and he suggests that the group looks like a collection of household deities from the shrine of a villa. Bearing in mind, however, modern military customs, it is difficult to resist the suggestion that these are military sports trophies. They are identified as follows: (a) a male deity; (b) Mercury; (c) a dancing Lar (or household god); (d) a fine infant Mars, 10 ins. high; (e) a genius; (f) and (g) female deities with double cornucopias, (g) being a pair with (a).

FIG. 6. BRONZE STATUETTES AND PEDESTALS FOUND WITH THE MILITARY SPORTS EQUIPMENT BURIED AT STRAUBING. PERHAPS LOOT FROM A ROMAN PRIVATE HOUSE.



FIG. 7. OF A TYPE HITHERTO UNKNOWN: ONE OF SIX KNEE-CAPS OF BRONZE, GILDED AND SILVERED, FOUND IN THE STRAUBING HOARD.

These knee-caps fitted to the top of greaves like those shown in Fig. 8 by means of a central hinge, and are of a type hitherto completely unknown. The example shown carries a female head with a triple-crested helmet, the central crest ending in a spread-eagle. The others found carry heads of Minerva with a Corinthian helmet or heads of Bellona (goddess of battle) or variations of these subjects.



FIG. 8. FINE EXAMPLES OF A HITHERTO RARE TYPE OF ROMAN SPORTS OR PARADE ARMOUR: TWO OF THE FIVE GREAVES FOUND IN THE STRAUBING HOARD. These beautiful greaves, two out of five found, are moulded from thin bronze plate to the shape of the leg. The flat ground is silvered, while the embossed ornaments are gilded and the punched lines are likewise gilded, the whole giving a very lively colour effect. In the left-hand example, the centre panel shows busts wearing Phrygian caps (compare Fig. 10) with, above, eagles and, below, panthers with fish-tails. That on the right shows two human heads with dolphins above and below. Other examples (not illustrated) show Mars standing on a Giant and Hercules. Several of the greaves carry inscriptions recording change of ownership.



# VIZORS AND A HELMET FROM THE MOST COMPLETE ROMAN "SPORTS STORE" FOUND.



FIG. 9. PERHAPS THE FINEST OF THE SEVEN VIZOR MASKS FOUND BURIED AT STRAUBING, IN BAVARIA: OF THE 2ND OR 3RD CENTURY A.D., OF THIN BRONZE, GILDED.

Closely comparable with the vizor mask found recently at Worthing, in Norfolk (reported in our issue of December 9, 1950), this is the best of four of this type found at Straubing on October 27, 1950. The other three were of the type of Fig. 10. These thin bronze helmets were used in the cavalry sports, sham fights and tournaments which were an integral part of the life of the Roman Imperial Army. This mask is of one piece in the shape of a complete human face showing youthful idealised features of classical cast. A similarity of style and technique (compare Figs. 2 and 3) suggests that the masks were made in a central workshop. It has been suggested that in some cases the features show such individuality that the masks may sometimes have been portraits. The contrast between this mask and that shown in Fig. 10 is very striking, although both were found in the same hoard.



FIG. 11. THE ONLY BACK PART OR HELMET PROPER FOUND IN THE STRAUBING HOARD: IT IS MADE OF IRON AND FITS NONE OF THE SEVEN BRONZE MASKS. This helmet, which is similar to the well-known example found at Pforndorf, Wurttemberg, is made of thin beaten iron plate, with richly-decorated, beaten, punched, gilded and silvered bronze mounts covering the ear and neck. Behind the right ear mount is a socket for a plume, and a narrow bronze wreath is mounted on the back of the head. There are three punched inscriptions of different names, each with T (for *turma*, squadron) added, showing that this helmet had three successive owners. Nearly all the pieces of military equipment found in the Straubing hoard have similar punched inscriptions.



FIG. 10. A VIZOR MASK OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT TYPE FROM FIG. 9, BUT FOUND WITH IT. THE CURIOUS HEAD-DRESS SHOWS BARBARIC OR POSSIBLY MITHRAIC INFLUENCES.

This and two other vizor masks (not reproduced) which were found at Straubing are so different in feeling from those shown in Figs. 2, 3 and 9, that Professor Bersu suggests that they emanate from a workshop on the Lower Danube and are more barbaric in nature than the classical types, which may nevertheless have come from the same workshop. But it is difficult not to feel that the Phrygian cap (which can be seen also in details in Figs. 5 and 8) hints at the Mithraic cult, so general in the army of the time and concerning which some recent interesting discoveries were reported in our last issue; and it is noteworthy that one of the grades of that cult was the "Persian."



FIG. 12. THE BRONZE CAULDRON WHICH WAS DISCOVERED, MOUTH DOWNWARDS, COVERING ALL THE MAJOR ITEMS FOUND BURIED A FOOT BELOW THE SURFACE AT STRAUBING.

This cauldron, 18 ins. high and 30 ins. in diameter, was beaten from a single sheet of thin copper plate. It was found, in circumstances described by Professor Bersu in his article on page 500, covering the most complete collection of Roman cavalry sports equipment ever discovered. All the major items, typical examples of which are illustrated in this issue, were found inside and underneath the cauldron, and around it were heaped weapons, fetters, iron tools and iron and bronze scrap. The objects were hidden about the middle of the third century A.D., during the invasion of Roman territory by Germanic tribes and near the main building of a Roman farm. Two miles away was a permanent Roman frontier post, on the south bank of the Danube, called Sorviodurum (modern Straubing). It was garrisoned by a cohort with cavalry auxiliaries, originally recruited in Syria.





**R**AILWAYS—which have been enjoying a bad Press in recent months—none the less exercise a powerful fascination over all kinds and conditions of men, so that an exhibition of drawings and prints entitled "Our Early Railways," at the Frank Sabin Gallery in Rutland Gate, will have a wide appeal. Such things are, of course, to be found in every corner of the country, and at any price from 6d. upwards. Here is a carefully selected series of over 250 items, including some books and a couple of paintings; the emphasis is naturally upon the pictorial, but a great deal of technical information is to be gained from them and not only by locomotive engineers. The job of making a railway cutting, for example, without modern machinery, is succinctly if unintentionally illustrated in one example, in which the artist was obviously merely interested in making an agreeable picture, but has none the less set down accurately the various stages of the work.

As a record of railway development the exhibition is fascinating, and a nicely documented catalogue adds point to the pictures. There are, moreover, fine combinations of names; one can roll them round

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"ALL UNSEEN ROMANCE BROUGHT UP THE NINE-FIFTEEN."

By FRANK DAVIS.

precariously on the roof of the foremost coach, just like a coachman, is a top-hatted official, while on a dicky seat at the rear of the mail-coach is the guard. Below is a train of the second class for outside passengers—so says the inscription—and perhaps the learned in such matters will be able to add that the last three vehicles are for thirds—I imagine that is the explanation of the different type of carriage. There is

opened on June 11, 1846. There are the flags and the green branches, the groups of notables and, in the distance, the inevitable enthusiast waving his hat. Is there any special significance in the White Ensign instead of the Union Jack?—perhaps it is merely that we were not sticklers for etiquette in those days. The figures in the foreground appear to be portraits, and the scene as a whole is contrived in a very vivid



FIG. 1. "TRAVELLING ON THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY": A COLOURED AQUATINT ENGRAVED BY S. G. HUGHES AFTER J. SHAW (FIRST STATE).

This is one of a very fine pair of famous and scarce prints published in November, 1831, by Ackermann, showing a train of First Class carriages with the Mail, and a train of the Second Class for outside passengers drawn by the locomotives *Jupiter* and *North Star*.



FIG. 2. "OPENING OF THE EASTERN UNION RAILWAY, JUNE 11TH, 1846": A COLOURED LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY FREDERIC PAWSEY, IPSWICH.

This lithograph, which in common with the other illustrations on this page, is on view at the exhibition "Our Early Railways," depicts an animated scene at the temporary passenger station at Ipswich. The Eastern Union Railway line was authorised in 1845.

the tongue and call to mind that all this enthusiasm and careless rapture was confidently expected to usher in the millennium. Those were surely the days! "The Reading, Guildford and Reigate Railway authorised in 1846 and merged into the South Eastern Railway in 1852." "Louth Railway Station. . . Dedicated to the Directors of the East Lincolnshire Railway by Wallis and published by him at Louth, Feb, 1848." "The Windsor, Staines and South Western Railway (Richmond to Windsor) was authorised to construct a line from Richmond to Datchet 1847-1848." "The Newport, Abergavenny and Hereford Railway." "The Canterbury and Whitstable Railway, a single line six miles long"—and so on and so forth.

How nice to have been a Railway Director and to have prints dedicated to one as to an eighteenth-century peer of the realm! Who dedicates anything to-day to the Minister of Transport or the Railway Executive? And how history repeats itself! Many of us can remember the early years of the motor-car, and how pathetically the new vehicle followed the lines of the horse-drawn carriage. Look at Fig. 1, the well-known aquatint published in 1831 by Ackermann, "Travelling on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway"—A Train of the First Class of Carriages with the Mail and A Train of the Second Class"—just like that, as if the publisher was translating literally from the French. There are The Passengers of the First-Class in the First Class of Horseless Coaches, and seated

a companion print to this—

"A Train of Waggons with Goods," and "A Train of Carriages with Cattle." Both these very simple diagrammatic plates were very popular, and to-day are scarce in anything like good condition, nor are they cheap.

The majority of the prints are by known artists, sometimes published by themselves,

manner. I could wish that great enterprises to-day would get in the habit of employing a good draughtsman as well as a photographer to record special events. The other illustration (Fig. 3) is a drawing by an unidentified artist which is likewise not without quality—it is an attractive thing quite apart from its subject. The Lickey Incline on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway has a gradient of 1 in 37. Here is one of the 4-2-0 locomotives built by Norris of Philadelphia and specially imported in 1840 to deal with all ordinary passenger and goods traffic between Birmingham and Gloucester except the mail and express trains.

While the average visitor will be attracted by the prints and drawings, he should not neglect a small series of books, many of them in the original wrappers. (For the benefit of the uninitiated, original wrappers delight the heart of your true book-collector—they mean that he owns the volume exactly as it was first put on the market and that renders him one up on lesser men, even though he never opens the book.) Ackermann published several admirable volumes, with plates by T. T. Bury illustrating various scenes on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and another attractive item is a series of twenty-three plates after drawings by that very pleasant minor topographical artist, J. W. Carmichael, of scenes on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. Of more pedestrian interest is a South Western Railway report book dated June 19, 1849, giving, in manuscript, the state of the locomotives under repair. All these, and the others, provide a great many facts—and they do something more. They show very clearly how a new and wonderful invention captured the public imagination, and with what interest people followed its rapid development.

I was rather surprised to learn that there seem to be very few oil paintings in existence which are concerned with railways. There are two in this show. One is of New Swindon, G.W.R., 1849, by a Thomas Driver, who has managed to combine a keen eye for fact with an agreeable strain of mysticism; here are the beginnings of the great, and it must be confessed, not over-beautiful workshop town, showing the broad gauge, early types of signals, etc.; the other is of Ealing Haven Station, 1839, the first stopping-place out of London at this date. It will be odd if this exhibition does not entice a number of other oils out of the attic, for pictures of this kind, which would seem merely junk fifty years ago, and may not possess any great artistic merit anyway, take on a new importance if they record a bridge, or a locomotive, or a construction job of the first twenty years or so of the railway era.



FIG. 3. "THE LICKEY INCLINE, BIRMINGHAM AND GLOUCESTER RAILWAY": A WATER COLOUR DRAWING. This water-colour drawing shows the famous Lickey Incline—1 in 37—with a four-coach train drawn by one of the 4-2-0 engines built by Norris of Philadelphia and specially imported in 1840 for this incline on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway. (10½ by 14½ ins.)

sometimes by a local firm. There are also a number of unsigned plates which are no less competent. Fig. 2 here seems to me a good example of its kind. A camera, had there been such a thing at Ipswich in 1846, would doubtless have been more accurate, but it could not have given us a livelier impression of the great occasion. The Eastern Union Railway was authorised in 1845, and the temporary passenger station was



# NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA SURVEY OF CURRENT EVENTS IN BRITAIN AND OVERSEAS.



To mark the success of the grape harvest, thousands of people from Cape Town and the surrounding countryside flocked to Paarl, in South Africa's richest wine district, the Berg River Valley. Processions, singing, folk-dancing and the tasting of local wines formed part of the celebrations. Our photograph (left) shows some local girls in the festival procession in a 9-ft.-high copy of a wine-basket which was made by a local blind man.

(RIGHT.) SALUTE TO BACCHUS: MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL GREEK COMMUNITY PERFORMING A NATIVE DANCE AT THE PAARL WINE FESTIVAL.



EN FÊTE TO MARK THE SUCCESS OF THE GRAPE HARVEST: GIRLS OF PAARL, SOUTH AFRICA, IN THE FESTIVAL PROCESSION IN A 9-FT. WINE-BASKET.



LILLIPUTIAN SURVEY: A TWO-YEAR-OLD NEW ORLEANS CHILD INSPECTING A HUGE MARSH BUGGY USED TO HAUL OIL EQUIPMENT OVER THE LOUISIANA MARSHLANDS. THE BUGGY WAS PART OF AN OPEN WORKSHOP RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED BY THE TULANE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF GEOLOGY.



REMOVAL UNDER PROTEST: BRUMAS, THE YEAR-OLD POLAR BEAR, TRIES TO BITE HER WAY OUT.

On March 21 *Brumas* was moved from the polar bear enclosure in the London Zoo to a new home of her own—but she had to be trapped into a removal crate first. The trapping took four days, but eventually *Brumas* fell for the bait, which was a tin of condensed milk, and the trap-door closed. *Brumas*'s new home is near the Camel House.



MAKING A PERFECT TWO-POINT LANDING: OPPO, THE AUSTRALIAN FLYING PHALANGER, LANDING ON THE HAND OF HIS KEEPER, WITH WHOM HE IS VERY FRIENDLY, IN THE RODENT HOUSE AT THE LONDON ZOO.



AN ITALIAN CLAIMS TWO CAR RECORDS: PIERO TARUFFI, THE ITALIAN RACING DRIVER, IN HIS TWIN-TORPEDO-SHAPED CAR, PRIOR TO HIS RECORD-BREAKING RUN. Piero Taruffi, the Italian racing driver, claims to have broken two British-held world speed records for the flying kilometre and flying mile titles for 1500-2000 cc.-class cars, set up by Lieut.-Colonel A. T. G. Gardner in 1948. Subject to official confirmation, his average speed for the flying kilometre was 185.483 m.p.h. and the flying mile, 180.54 m.p.h.



SHOWING HIS DOCKER GUESTS THE 1933 DERBY WINNER, HYPERION: LORD DERBY WITH THE LIVERPOOL DOCKERS WHO WERE HIS WEEK-END GUESTS. Twenty-five Liverpool dock workers, selected by ballot by their workmates, visited the Earl of Derby's Woodland stud at Newmarket during a recent week-end. They were the guests of Lord Derby, who last year promised the dockers that they should see the complete working of an English racing stable.



## INGENIOUS ARCHITECTURE, UNUSUAL EXHIBITS AND SCAFFOLDING EFFECTS ON SOUTH BANK: THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION TAKES SHAPE.



SUGGESTIVE OF A MAMMOTH GAME OF NOUGHTS AND CROSSES: SCAFFOLDING TEMPORARILY ENCLOSING SPHERES FOR A DECORATIVE ARRANGEMENT ON THE SITE.



ILLUSTRATING VARIOUS ROCK STRATA AND THEIR APPROXIMATE DATE: A HUGE COLUMN, RESEMBLING A TOTEM POLE, WHICH WILL BE SHOWN IN THE METEOROLOGICAL HALL.

The buildings of the Festival of Britain Exhibition on the South Bank Site are taking shape, and it is now possible to see the general lay-out from the other side of the Thames. Sightseers anxious to obtain a near view of the buildings are, however, debarred from this, as a high wall surrounds the site on the land side. Our



NOT A NEW FORM OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE, OR A MARTELLO TOWER: THE SUMMIT OF THE SHOT TOWER ON THE FESTIVAL SITE, WITH THE GUN-MOUNTING NOW ON IT.



TO BE SHOWN IN THE RAILWAY SECTION OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: A HUGE DRIVING-WHEEL FROM A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE OLD BROAD-GAUGE DAYS.

photographs illustrate curious effects of temporary scaffolding enclosing decorative arrangements, and show some of the exhibits which will be found in different sections. The effect of the box-like projections of one building suggests fantastic bathing-boxes, but the design is intended to save ground space. The famous Red Lion Brewery



A MODEL—ABOUT HALF-SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL—OF THE WATER TURBO-GENERATOR BEING MADE IN BRITAIN BY THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY FOR DELIVERY TO NEW ZEALAND.



RECENTLY ERECTED IN A NEW POSITION IN YORK ROAD: THE LION OF HUNGERFORD, WHICH FORMERLY STOOD ON THE RED LION BREWERY PREMISES, WHICH HAVE BEEN DEMOLISHED.

"Lion of Hungerford" has now been installed in York Road by an entrance to the Festival Site. It will be remembered that a sealed bottle discovered in a cavity in the statue was examined at County Hall, and found to contain a trade advertisement and a note that the sculptor was Mr. Woodington. It was thought that the formula



UNUSUAL ARCHITECTURE ON SOUTH BANK: A SERIES OF BOX-LIKE PROJECTIONS ON STILTS WHICH PROVIDE AMPLE WINDOW SPACE AND DO NOT TAKE UP GROUND SPACE.



ILLUSTRATING THE SIZE OF SOME OF THE SCULPTURAL DECORATIONS TO BE USED ON THE FESTIVAL SITE: A WORKMAN BESIDE A HUGE PLASTER HEAD AWAITING INSTALLATION.

for making the Coade stone of which the lion is constructed might have been included. The South Bank exhibition will be linked with the Festival Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park, which Mr. Morrison announced recently in the House of Commons are to cost a million pounds more than was estimated on March 6.





BRITISH TANKS ADVANCING IN THE NOW FAMILIAR KOREAN SCENE OF LEVEL PADDY-FIELDS AT THE FOOT OF STEEP-SIDED WOODED HILLS.



THE FIRST RECORDED ACTION OF THE BRITISH CENTURION TANK. AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGAGEMENT NEAR SEOUL IS GIVEN IN THE TEXT ON THIS PAGE.

AMONG these newly-received photographs of the worthy part British troops are playing in the Korean war are two of especial and detailed interest. That at top right records the first time that the Centurion tank has been engaged in battle, and shows one of two tanks of the 8th Hussars, which were engaged in support of an American fighting patrol near Seoul. Their firing was particularly effective, one of their targets being a British Cromwell previously captured by the Chinese. Their performance won high praise from U.S. artillery officers. In the bottom right picture Lieut.-Colonel Man is seen receiving from Mr. Lewis Bush a roll of honour which was embroidered in captivity by P.O.W.s of the 1st Bn. The Middlesex Regt. (The Diehards), and later came into the possession of a Buddhist priest at Nagano, who recently asked Mr. Bush to arrange for its return.



A BRENN-GUN POST OF THE GLOUCESTERS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A CAPTURED AND STILL-BURNING KOREAN VILLAGE. NEAR BY CAN BE SEEN BRITISH TANKS AND BRENN-CARRIERS.



A BRITISH ARMOURD MOBILE BRIDGE-LAYER (WITH CHURCHILL CHASSIS) WAITING TO GO FORWARD WHILE THE FIRST PHASE OF THE ATTACK IS IN PROGRESS.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAN, COMMANDING THE 1ST BN. THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT, RECEIVES A "DIEHARD" MEMORIAL IN KOREA FROM MR. LEWIS BUSH (RIGHT).

THE BRITISH PART IN THE KOREAN WAR; AND THE CENTURION TANK'S FIRST FIGHTING ENGAGEMENT IN ANY THEATRE.





MOVING THROUGH LIGHT PACK-ICE TO THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHINNAMPO, IN WEST KOREA: THE AUSTRALIAN DESTROYER *BATAAN*, SEEN FROM H.M.S. *BELFAST*.



REPEATING A TACTIC USED WITH EFFECT IN GERMANY—"ARTIFICIAL MOONLIGHT": U.S. SEARCHLIGHTS USED TO PREVENT ENEMY INFILTRATION.



THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING TALKS WITH HIS "LEATHER-NECKS" IN THE BATTLE AREA: GENERAL MACARTHUR (IN JEEP, LEFT CENTRE) WITH MEN OF THE U.S. 1ST MARINE DIVISION.

ON March 21 United Nations forces entered and occupied without firing a shot Chunchon, the former Chinese base, about eight miles south of the 38th Parallel. It had been subjected to very heavy aerial bombardment. At the same time, South Korean troops were reported to have advanced to within about the same distance of the Parallel on the eastern sector. On the western side, north of Seoul, however, the enemy were putting up a stiff resistance a little south of the Parallel. Meanwhile, in Washington, Mr. Acheson stated that the United Nations troops would need no fresh authority to cross the Parallel, but that a common point of view was desirable before action was taken. Lieut.-General Sir R. Gale has indicated that "there are no strings on our forces," and that British troops would go north of the Parallel or anywhere else in Korea at General MacArthur's command.



"MR. DEEDS COMES TO TOWN": AN UNIDENTIFIED U.S. SOLDIER ESCORTED BY CHEERING KOREAN CHILDREN AS HE ENTERED THE BATTERED KOREAN CAPITAL, SEOUL.



U.S. ORDNANCE MECHANICS COMPARING A U.S. RECOILLESS RIFLE (LEFT) WITH A CHINESE EXAMPLE, THE FIRST OF THIS TYPE CAPTURED IN THE KOREAN CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL MACARTHUR VISITS THE FRONT LINE; AND INCIDENTS OF THE KOREAN WAR BY LAND AND BY SEA.



# The World of the Theatre.

## IN THEIR FASHION.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"ALWAYS faithful to you—in my fashion," sings Julie Wilson, with a glint in her eye, towards the end of "Kiss Me, Kate" at the Coliseum. Lately I have found myself murmuring this often: not merely because it is the tune that stays most surely from the Coliseum performance, but also because "in my

had scarcely begun—I am sorry to add, less a tribute to the play's time-effacing quality than a refusal to believe that so many superlatives had been spent on something so matter-of-course. In their fashion Cole

Porter and the Spewacks are faithful to the now accepted style of American musical comedy: the piece is elaborate, slick, and rapid; the lyrics are intricately rhymed; the whole business has a brisk self-confidence. Yet I could not see at the end that it had deserved so much ecstasy. Some would have been more tempted to cheer, maybe, if the fanfares from New York had not so urgently proclaimed a master-work. As it is, only two of the songs are in Cole Porter's conquering mood. The plot, flicking on and off stage, with a twisted love-affair behind the scenes and a mediocre production of "The Taming of the Shrew" before them, frays tiresomely. When Shakespeare is allowed to speak for a few moments without

monotonously, to take the note from each other. Scots may wonder, too, at a clash of accents. In speech, the minister, who has a beguiling sense of character and a charming ease, seems to me to mix a cocktail of Scottish, Welsh and Devonian. But he is true to Tillyfruin—in his fashion.

Presumably, Muriel and Sydney Box, authors of "The Seventh Veil" (Princes), are as true as they can be in the theatre to the celebrated film. They call their play-from-the-film "a modern melodrama" and use cinematic technique in explaining the state of mind of the distracted girl Francesca, the pianist with a surly bear of a guardian-cum-manager who has a vague hint of Svengali. As one of the few people now living who have not seen the film, I find the melodrama a wedge of pleasing stuff-and-nonsense, theatrically telling enough in spite of its bristle of tricks and its general untidiness. Ann Todd, who has not appeared in London for seven years, acts with a clear beauty: and for me Leo Genn is amply expressive, discovering in the girl's bitter guardian all that the authors have put into the part. He does not (I gather) act it in the manner of James Mason: for my taste he does it expertly—if I may coin a phrase—in his fashion.

A last note for a collector of coincidences. Ten minutes after reading notices of the first of two repertory productions of T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" a poetic drama in its fashion—I came upon William Archer's record of a drama called "The Patrician's Daughter," by J. Westland Marston, produced in 1842. "Critics," said Archer, "had long been advocating an attempt to use, for the purposes of poetic drama, the spiritual conflicts of modern life, and some were sanguine enough to hope that this simple yet powerful play might mark a new departure in dramatic literature. Charles Dickens took a deep interest in the



"A STRANGE, CAPRICIOUS, SCHOOL-OF-BRIDIE COMEDY THAT WEARS LESS WELL ON A SECOND VISIT": "MACADAM AND EVE," AT THE ALDWYCH; A SCENE FROM ROGER MACDOUGALL'S COMEDY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MACADAM (JOHN LAURIE), EVELYN (SHEILA LATIMER) AND JIMMIE (JOHN GREGSON).

"MacAdam and Eve," first produced at Kew twelve months ago, reached the West End on March 12, when it opened at the Aldwych. Mr. Trewin says "there is both wit and robust humour, but Adam grows over-talkative and it takes all John Laurie's spirit and technique to keep us wholly absorbed."

fashion" seems to be a producers', authors' and actors' cry.

Take the Old Vic "Electra," which is some distance from "Kiss Me, Kate." It is the Sophoclean play in which Orestes executes judgment upon his mother and upon Aegisthus, Tyrant of Argos. To meet the conventions of Greek tragedy upon a modern stage is extremely difficult. Still, in their fashion, the Vic company and the producer (Michel Saint-Denis) do honour to the piece, with the adroit use of a two-level stage and some discreet choral manoeuvring. Peggy Ashcroft's Electra must touch any heart, though she is fitted more naturally to the Violas and Cordelias than to the Greek voice of woe, "O sorrowful nightingale forlorn." Her colleagues aid her with appropriate dignity; one in particular, Leo McKern, gives a grand imaginative sweep to the Tutor's narrative of Orestes beneath the plunging hooves. So far, excellent; but I cannot applaud with honesty Barbara Hepworth's impression of the Royal Palace of Mycenae, or of the sprig of twisted wire that presumably represents the flame of Apollo and looks to me like the skeleton of an electric fan. (On the other hand, Miss Hepworth's costumes are admirable.)

One famous night at the Vic, in 1945, the company paired "Oedipus" and "The Critic." This time the choice of after-piece was less adventurous, Tchekov's farce of "The Wedding," in which the fun depends upon the appearance at a wedding breakfast of an amiable old salt called Fyodor Yakovlevitch Revunov-Karaulov, who manages to be at once Ancient Mariner and Wedding Guest. He holds everyone with his glittering eye. "'There was a ship,' quoth he," and so on, at great length. The trouble is that he is a retired naval captain, when he should be a general: the best man, who has been given twenty-five roubles to entice a personage of rank to the wedding, has craftily let down the side. It is a chuckling bit of farcical snobbery: the younger players of the Vic, under George Devine, crack at it with good cheer in a fashion which one imagines might be the author's. Paul Rogers, who had acted Aegisthus with cold force, sinks himself so thoroughly in the deaf and garrulous captain that one finds it hard to believe the evidence of the programme.

In "Kiss Me, Kate" we saw Cole Porter (composer and lyric-writer) and Bella and Sam Spewack (librettists) dealing with Shakespeare in their fashion. The much-trumpeted American musical piece left me feeling, at the end of the night, that the night

interruption, he has the best lines: certainly the first audience at the Coliseum appeared to think so. I would call it, then, an average musical piece, distinguished by two lovely, vital performances—those of Patricia Morison and Julie Wilson—and by a pair of songs of which Miss Wilson's highly personal way of rendering "Always true to you (in my fashion)" haunts the memory. She is a most engaging actress, a demure soul with a way of turning suddenly to a foam of boiling milk.

We have sped from Mycenae to Baltimore. Let us strike off—to "MacAdam and Eve" and the damp Scots resort of Tillyfruin. I cannot think of a darker spot: Roger MacDougall must have enjoyed himself in creating it, as undoubtedly he enjoyed creating the Old Adam. The man has wandered the earth since the Garden of Eden, and he is true to Eve (in his fashion)—to all the Eves he meets in his long journey through time. It is a strange, capricious, school-of-Bridie comedy that wears less well on a second visit—I saw it at Kew twelve months ago—than I had hoped. There is both wit and robust humour; but Adam grows over-talkative and it takes all John Laurie's spirit and technique to keep us wholly absorbed. I am inclined to think that the piece will develop in performance: that it will make a stronger impression in a week or so when the company is more firmly set upon the Aldwych stage. At the première there was too little variety: some of the players were apt,



### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FOLIES BERGÈRE" (Hippodrome).—The customary rites of Patee-in-London, with such a happy turn as Tommy Cooper (magician, fourth class) to help them out. (March 6.)  
 "THUNDER ROCK" (Embassy).—Worth reviving for its own sake as a freak of the imagination, and for Beatrix Lehmann's touching Miss Kirby. (March 6.)  
 "HAMLET" (New Boltons).—David Markham has not the equipment of a romantic Hamlet, but he treated the part intelligently in John Harrison's production—one of manifold ingenuities. (March 6.)  
 "THIEVES' CARNIVAL" (Birmingham Repertory).—A delicate caprice, adapted by Lucienne Hill from "Le Bal des Voleurs" of Anouilh. (March 6.)  
 "COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS" (Wyndham's).—A stage will, the tireless good humour of Naughton Wayne and Joyce Redman (players) and the serviceable technique of Ronald Jeans (playwright). (March 7.)  
 "KISS ME, KATE" (Coliseum).—Two Cole Porter songs remain in the mind from a musical piece that promises more than it can fulfil. (March 8.)  
 "LATIN QUARTER, 1951" (Casino).—What Gilbert called the Bold Mounseer. (March 10.)  
 "MACADAM AND EVE" (Aldwych).—Adam, who is immortal, has had a long journey from the Garden of Eden to the rain of Tillyfruin. Roger MacDougall, in a cunning but repetitive comedy, shows him dealing with affairs of the heart. (March 12.)  
 "ELECTRA" and "THE WEDDING" (Old Vic).—Peggy Ashcroft in the high sorrow of the Electra of Sophocles (Sir John Sheppard's version). As after-piece, a bustling farce which is Tchekov's equivalent of the "splits." (March 13.)  
 "THE SEVENTH VEIL" (Princes).—Muriel and Sydney Box turn film to play. The integrity and restraint of Ann Todd and Leo Genn grace a "modern melodrama." (March 14.)  
 "FORTUNE CAME SMILING" (Vaudeville).—Hardly. A botched cautionary tale about the domestic bliss of a gambler. (March 15.)

"A MOST ENGAGING ACTRESS, A DEMURE SOUL WITH A WAY OF TURNING SUDDENLY TO A FOAM OF BOILING MILK": JULIE WILSON IN "KISS ME, KATE," AT THE COLISEUM, SINGING "ALWAYS TRUE TO YOU (IN MY FASHION)."

The much-trumpeted American musical, "Kiss Me, Kate," left our critic not able to see at the end that it had deserved so much ecstasy. Mr. Trewin says that "the piece is elaborate, slick, and rapid; the lyrics are intricately rhymed; the whole business has a brisk self-confidence," but only two of the songs remain in the mind. He believes that "some would have been more tempted to cheer, maybe, if the fanfares from New York had not so urgently proclaimed a master-work."

experiment and wrote a prologue for it. . . . On the whole the performance was praised, and as the audience had shown no inclination to ill-timed laughter, it was declared that 'the principle of characters talking poetically in plain dress' was secure. But the victory, as we know, has proved a barren one." Archer wrote that in 1890.



# SULPHUR FROM BACTERIA, RECONSTRUCTIONS, A ROYAL RIVER OCCASION, AND A MARITIME DISASTER.



(ABOVE.) BRISTOL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: MR. F. SMITH ADDING A FINAL TOUCH TO HIS MODEL, WHICH HAS TAKEN TWO YEARS TO BUILD.

Mr. F. Smith, a retired Bristol art master, has just completed a model of Bristol as it was in the seventeenth century. It has taken him two years to build, and he consulted 280 books on the old city and its architecture. The model is to be shown in the Bristol Art Gallery and should be of great local interest.



THE REBUILDING OF WARSAW: ST. ALEXANDER'S CHURCH AS IT WAS IN 1830, AND IN 1939; DESTROYED IN 1945 AND RECONSTRUCTED IN 1950, ON ITS ORIGINAL PLAN. The progress made in rebuilding Warsaw, 84 per cent. of which was destroyed during the war, is recorded in an exhibition of photographs, "Warsaw: Poland Rebuilds her Capital," organised by the Polish Cultural Institute at the Royal Water-Colour Society Galleries. The church of St. Alexander has been reconstructed in its original form.



WORKING FOR BRITAIN: TEST TUBES CONTAINING SULPHUR-PRODUCING BACTERIA AT THE CHEMICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY.

Owing to the shortage of sulphur, experiments are being carried out at the Chemical Research Laboratory with bacteria which turn sulphate into sulphide and then into sulphur. The chief obstacle to industrial exploitation of this process is that at present the micro-biological method is about ten times too slow.

(RIGHT.) THE HEAD-OF-THE-RIVER RACE FROM MORTLAKE TO PUTNEY ON MARCH 17: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE 213 CREWS WHICH COMPETED.

The annual Head-of-the-River race was rowed on March 17 from Mortlake to Putney, with 213 crews competing. The first five crews covered the course in under 19 minutes, Jesus (Cambridge) being the winners in the excellent time of 18 mins. 41 secs. Thames R.C. were runners-up and London R.C. third, with three seconds between them. Cambridge colleges filled eight of the first twelve places.



STANDING IN THE LAUNCH FROM WHICH SHE STARTED THE MORTLAKE-TO-PUTNEY HEAD-OF-THE-RIVER RACE ON MARCH 17: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT LONDON'S GREAT ROWING EVENT, AT WHICH 213 CREWS COMPETED.



SPLIT INTO TWO BY AN EXPLOSION WHICH KILLED TWELVE MEN AND INJURED FIFTY-ONE: THE 10,000-TON OIL TANKER MONTALEGRE ON FIRE IN NAPLES HARBOUR. On March 16 an explosion occurred in the 10,000-ton tanker *Montalegre*, of Genoa, which was being repaired in Naples Harbour. The ship was split in two and twelve men were killed and fifty-one injured, many seriously, by the blast. Our photograph shows firemen playing their hoses on the fire that broke out after the explosion.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SOMEHOW, I was surprised at the appearance of a new book—"The Conscience of the King" (Faber; 12s. 6d.)—by Mr. Alfred Duggan; apparently I had assumed that "Knight with Armour" would have no successor. This was in the main a compliment to its unique air of psychical, direct experience. The author simply happened to know; he was clairvoyant about armoured fighting. On the other hand, his story was thin; and there was no reason to expect that his clairvoyance would embrace other subjects. Nor do we find it here. On this occasion, he is dealing with the fifth century, and with the coming of the Saxons. The period, which coincides with the narrator's lifetime, is more extended, and the background is more diffused. And the intense effect of psychical experience is not repeated. The lack of human substance in the plot, however, has remained constant. This may suggest a failure—but Mr. Duggan has in fact arrived. His talent now appears in its true light, not as clairvoyance, or the mastery of one special theme, but as a gift for seeing the past as present. He takes great pains about its reconstruction; then he tries living it. And very lifelike it becomes.

And in the absence of a turn for character, he makes a single figure go a long way. His first book offered nobody except the hero, but the hero was touching. This time, we are alone with the narrator—who is always good fun. Coroticus, or Cerdic, founder of the Kingdom of Wessex, is a cool-headed, intellectual rogue—a pure Godwinian, but with the uplift knocked out. His aim from boyhood has been independent rule. His father is a king in Sussex—since the Roman order broke down, all Roman nobles have a chance of kingship in a small way. But for the third son of a petty tyrant it is uphill work. Cerdic, however, has distinct advantages. He is a realist, without the "silly handicaps" of natural affection and loyalty; and though a Roman, he is "Woden-born." So, when the murder of his eldest brother takes a wrong turn, he can change sides and start again as a barbarian. In this new rôle he engineers the fall of Sussex and the slaughter of his whole family; later his Saxon wife has to be drowned—and in the normal course, his heir would have to go too. As he is fond of Cynric, that would be a wrench. But luckily there is no justice in the world, and so the parricide and traitor ends up in great prosperity, with an established kingdom and a model son, the prop of his declining years.

Cerdic has almost no emotions, but he is a thinker, with an eye for what is going on. He registers the gradual breakdown of the old world, the spread of chaos, and the symptoms of a new order—and makes a cool, disgusted study of the Saxons, quite without prejudice. The plot is merely good enough; the reconstruction is the great thrill.

Now we have two first novels of domestic life—and each distinguished in its way. "The Mesh," by Lucie Marchal (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), goes straight ahead. The scene is Brussels, and the theme possessiveness. To Mme. François, love is indivisible; her children must have no friends, no independent life. She has a powerful character, and she has kept them friendless, utterly her own, till both are more than grown up. Charles is her angel and her other self, while the narrator Madeleine has always had to play gooseberry; yet even Madeleine adores her, with jealous rage. But now, at twenty-eight, she is determined to be free. She has prepared her speech, but it is never spoken; Charles gets in first, and hurls an infinitely bigger bomb. He is engaged to little Mme. Josseland, the chemist's widow who was jailed on a murder charge.

After a violent scene, his mother's first reaction is to make herself scarce, hoping he will be lost without her. And he is lost; at thirty-five he is a weak-kneed, bookish adolescent, helpless in real life. Loving apart, he finds his Noemi a dead bore; and he is short of cash, and soon at his wits' end. But Madeleine has blossomed out. She is no longer the unwanted third; Charles clings to her in desperation, and the passive Noemi would like to be friends. Dumb as she is—and rather sickening about her little clown of a dog—Madeleine can't help feeling sorry for her.

Then Mme. François returns home: which is the next step. Charles must be tortured now by a discreet aloofness. And she succeeds in driving him to frenzy. But the strain is too much for her; there are appalling scenes, and it is Madeleine—the rather sinister, evolved Madeleine—who finally assumes control. It is a horrid, human and absorbing story, and the little dog is a masterpiece.

"The Trouble of One House," by Brendan Gill (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is the long study of a woman's death-bed. It is American: much broader than "The Mesh," and less forthright, and clothed in airs of subtlety. Elizabeth Rowan is the soul of love; she is all warmth and light, all tenderness and giving. And there is no escape from her; the loving-kindness goes on and on. Her doctor husband found it too much: he wanted air, and he has goaded her to death. Now her long agony is closing, and her loss begins. It starts to operate on all who knew her, for they all loved her back—priests, children, relatives and friends, the whole ungrateful world. Now they begin to know how much, and how forlorn they will be left. Even her husband, who was bad at loving and resented it, will have to learn: for now the children are in his hands. Much of the detail is impressive, but the central figure hardly comes off—saints of all kinds are prone to self-consciousness.

"Your Loving Victim," by Pat McGerr (Collins; 8s. 6d.), has the advantage of a new idea; the writer always tries for something new, and this is a direct hit. Larry, a pushful and go-getting columnist, has moved into the penthouse of his dreams, and celebrates by throwing a party for his four women—wife, ex-wife, mistress and fiancée. Not as a stunt, but with an eye to murder. One of the four is poisoning his cup of triumph and will have to go. And someone does go; we saw the falling body in the prelude. The party, with abundant flashbacks, tells his life-story; potential motives are revealed, and gradually the whole truth. Very exciting, with a streak of realism and a sound moral.

## CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

PLAYED at Leningrad in February; White is Taimanov, Black Aronin, and the opening a Sicilian Defence:

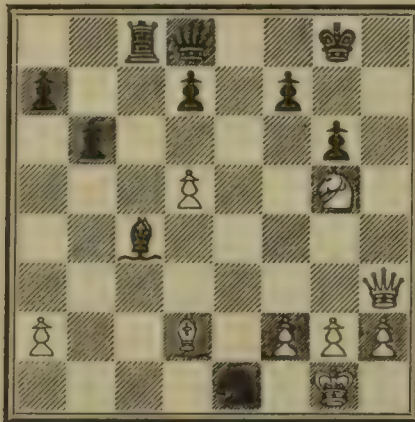
- |           |        |                |         |
|-----------|--------|----------------|---------|
| 1. P-K4   | P-QB4  | 6. B-KKt5      | P-K3    |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | P-Q3   | 7. Q-Q2        | P-QR3   |
| 3. P-Q4   | P×P    | 8. Castles (Q) | P-R3    |
| 4. Kt×P   | Kt-KB3 | 9. B-KB4       | B-Q2    |
| 5. Kt-QB3 | Kt-B3  | 10. B-Kt3      | P-QKt4? |



This is an error which lost the game. Can you find how? The play is all forced but several moves deep. The conclusion of the game is given below.

The second position diagrammed was reached in a game played at Amsterdam, after these moves: 1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-KB3, P-QKt3; 4. P-K3, B-Kt2; 5. B-Q3, P-B4; 6. Castles, B-K2; 7. Kt-B3, P×P; 8. P×P, Castles; 9. P-Q5, P×P; 10. Kt×P, Kt×Kt; 11. P×Kt, B-KB3; 12. R-Kt1, R-K1; 13. B-KB4, P-Kt3; 14. B-B2, Kt-R3; 15. Q-Q2, QR-B1; 16. KR-Q1, Kt-B4; 17. Kt-Kt5, B-R3; 18. R-K1, R×Rch; 19. R×R, B×P; 20. B×P, RP×B; 21. Q×B, Kt-Q6; 22. Q-R3, B-B5; 23. B-Q2, Kt×R; 24. Q-KR3.

(GOLOMBEK, BLACK.)



(STAHLBERG, WHITE.)

Stahlberg threatens 25. Q-R7ch, K-B1; 26. Q×BP mate. Golombek observes that 24... Q-B3 could be answered by 25. B-B3! (if 25... Q×Kt; 26. Q-R8 mate). He played 24... B×P and lost, missing a winning resource only two or three moves deep but very artistic—can you find it?

Taimanov v. Aronin: 11. B×QP, B×B; 12. Kt×Kt, B×Kt; 13. Q×B, Q×Q; 14. R×Q, B×P; 15. Kt×B, Kt×Kt. Aronin saw as far as this. Did you see further? 16. R×RP1 K-K2 (or 16... R×R; 17. B×KtPch etc.); 17. B×KtP, Kt×P; 18. R-K1, R×R; 19. B×R. Black resigns; those queen's side pawns will crush him.

Stahlberg v. Golombek: Black should have played 24... Q-B3; 25. B-B3, Kt-B6ch! which enables him, through some complicated play which it is a delight to work out, to retain his extra material and secure the win. E.g., 26. K-R1, Kt×Kt...!

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FOR THE HAPPY TRAVELLER.

THE other day, motoring with some friends, I drew attention to the curious name of an inn. My hostess said: "Oh, we must make a note of that for Robert [their ten-year-old son]. He's already got a collection of more than 250." It occurred to me that here was a most sensible hobby—a hobby which will give the boy a painless introduction to history and folklore. Ever since the Romans called a street the "vicus Ursi Pileati" ("the street of The Bear with a Hat on"), trades and professions have had their signs, though, with the exception of the

barber's pole and "The Crown and Rasp" of Messrs Fribourg and Treyer, the famous tobacconists in the Haymarket and at Oxford, none, except the brewers', seems to have survived. The inns of England have, however, been proudly done by in "English Inn Signs," by Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten (Chatto and Windus; 42s.). This is a modernised version of a book first published some ninety years ago, together with a most interesting chapter on the modern inn-sign by Mr. Gerald Millar. The authors show that all inn-signs have an origin in heraldry, history, the Bible or folklore. "The Crown" is the oldest of all—it is first recorded in 1467—and it is appropriately the most popular, with over a thousand inns of that name fairly evenly scattered throughout the country.

From this fascinating book we learn that the "Black Cross" is the emblem of the Teutonic Knights—that tough, Crusading Order almost as barbarous as the pagan Lithuanians and other migrants from the steppes whom they attempted to Christianise with the sword; that a "Blackbird" or a "Black Raven" is a sign of the Jacobite sympathies of whoever first erected the sign; that the "Oak" and "Black Dog," on the contrary, indicated anti-Royalist sympathies; and that the "Rose and Crown" commemorates the unpleasant, cheese-eating Henry VII. and his shrewd, full-blooded, cruel, rumbustious son. Many will be particularly taken with the "corrupted" or "refined" signs. I am sorry that a favourite belief of mine that the "Goat and Compasses" was a corruption of the Puritanical exclamation "God encompasseth us," is only accorded dubious support by the authors, who prefer to believe that it was the sign of the Wine-coopers' Company of Cologne. I refuse to be deterred, however, by the discouraging query sign against "The Elephant and Castle" from taking it for a corruption of "The Infanta of Castille." John of Gaunt, whose marriage with the Infanta of Castille made him *de jure*, and very nearly *de facto*, King of that country, was immensely popular with the Londoners of his time, and I like to feel that the famous pub at the end of Newington Causeway is named after his bride. "The Bag o' Nails" is apparently a corruption or refinement of the "Bacchanals"; the "Bell and Dragon" of "Bel and the Dragon"; the "Cat and the Fiddle" from "Caton le Fidèle," the stout-hearted Governor of Calais, or possibly "Catherine la Fidèle," the hardly-used first wife of Henry VIII.; the "Billy Ruffian" from the *Bellerophon* and the "Andrew Mac," with its figure of a kilted Highlander, from the frigate *Andromache*. Not the least interesting part of the book is the aforementioned chapter on (and illustrations of) modern inn-signs. It is impossible to drive about the country without noticing what an excellent and cultured job the brewers are making of the restoration of old, and the erection of new, signs. They deserve full praise—and (though I fear this is unlikely) lower taxation!

While on the subject of inns it is pleasant to draw attention to a book by a bachelor of science, "The Earnest Drinker," by Oscar A. Mendelsohn (Allen and Unwin; 16s.). The publisher's blurb says that this is "not a book for the connoisseur and the wine snob." Mr. T. A. Layton, who contributes a preface and a most valuable appendix on the wines of France, Germany and South Africa—the only one of the Commonwealth countries (and Mr. Mendelsohn can call me a wine snob if he likes) which has the slightest chance of producing wines of a European quality—echoes this. There is, however, much in this book which the connoisseur will appreciate, and some things of which he needs to be reminded. I particularly liked the chapter on alcoholic fallacies (though even after the author's debunking, nothing will persuade me to drink whisky anywhere near oysters), and his admirable sentence: "I think it is a sound and jolly plan to accustom children to a little beer or well-watered light wine with meals." How many "drunks" do you see in Latin countries?

For gloomy, quarrelsome, cantankerous toppers, however, commend me the Scandinavians, and especially the Swedes. Mr. Terence Heywood, who like myself is otherwise fond of both the country and the people, admits as much in "Background to Sweden" (Constable; 25s.). "Drunkness has always been a national vice," he says, and quotes a certain bishop who said to Gustavus III.: "You can do what you like with the Swedish people if only you keep your hands off their brandy." But against this failing must be set many admirable virtues and a lovely land, and Mr. Heywood, who writes as an expert on the country, does full justice to them in this unusually good travel book. The illustrations are excellent too.

I have never been to the Channel Islands, but Mr. R. M. Lockley's latest book, "The Charm of the Channel Islands" (Evans; 9s. 6d.), is an eloquent reminder that I have been missing something. It is all that a travel book should be—with history, archaeology and anecdote skilfully blended.

Much of the history of the Channel Islands has been bound up with invasion or attempts of invasion from France. But in spite of proximity and the same language, the Channel Islander has always loyally looked to England and to the protection of his "Duke of Normandy." The Frenchman is a different type, and why he is and how he has developed as he has, is well told in Mr. John Brangwyn's "Reasons for France" (Bodley Head; 16s.), a revised version of an excellent picture of that great and civilised country, which may yet demonstrate once more her vitality and powers of recovery, as has appeared.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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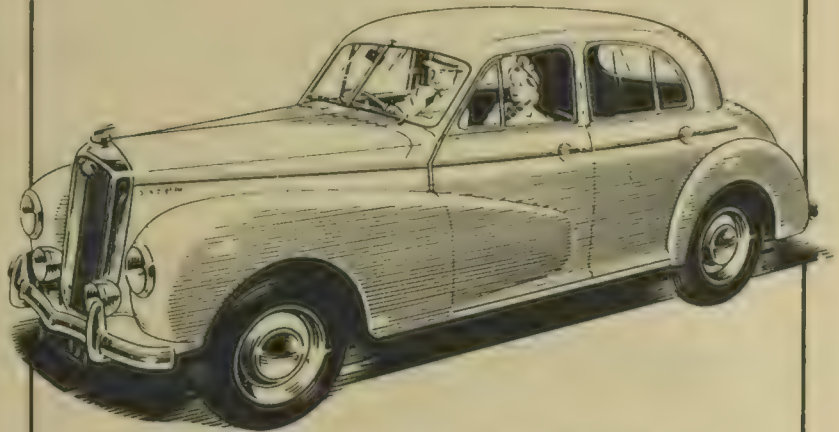
Post and Packing 3/6

Clocks, Ground Floor.

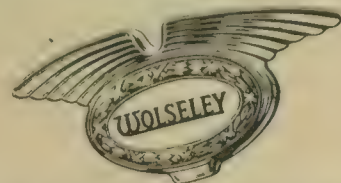
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12 months' guarantee.

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and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



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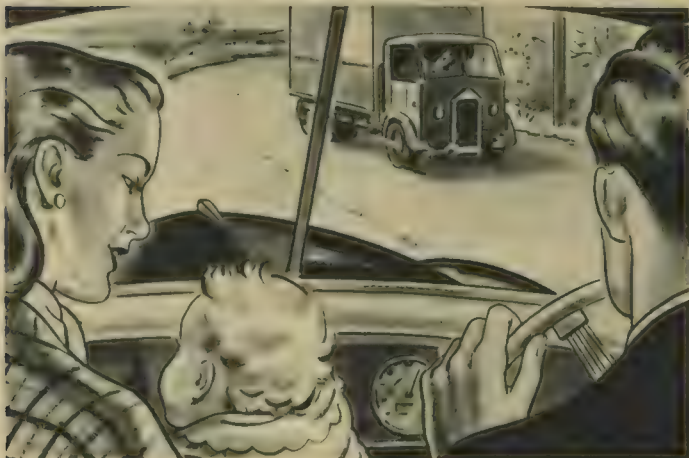
In Nigeria a textile machine goes into action.  
A British Insurance Company covered its journey to West Africa,  
covers it through its working life, covers the new factory  
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# TYRE-BURSTS MADE *HARMLESS* BY NEW TWIN-CHAMBER SAFETY TUBE

## PRACTICAL LIFE INSURANCE FOR FAMILY DRIVER



A TYRE-BURST HERE WOULD BE  
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For your family's sake **FIT**

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SAFETY TUBES

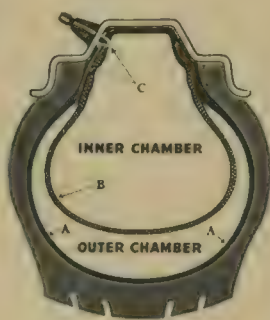
by **GOODYEAR**

MANY FAMILY motorists now take to the road at week-ends with an easier mind than ever before. They know for certain that, if they get a tyre-burst, there will be no violent swerve, no collision, no danger of any kind. For they have fitted a new kind of inner tube — the Goodyear Lifeguard — which makes tyre bursts harmless as a slow leak. The diagram below shows in detail how this twin chamber safety tube prevents axle-drop, holding the car perfectly steady while the driver brings it to an unhurried, safe stop,

every time. In a thousand tests, Lifeguards have never failed.

These sturdily built new safety tubes — the greatest advance in road safety since the introduction of 4-wheel brakes — outlast as many as three normal tubes.

They are an economical and very practical form of family life-insurance. Remember, this protection is available to you now — at your Tyre Suppliers, or in case of difficulty write direct to The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Co., Ltd., Dept. L.G., Wolverhampton.



Cross-section view of the

### NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBE

The Lifeguard consists of a normal rubber outer wall (A), a strong 2-ply inner tube (B), and a patented 2-way valve (C). Air is pumped through the valve, and inflates the inner and outer chambers simultaneously. The 2-way valve also acts as a pressure equaliser vent, through which air can pass between the two chambers. Because pressure is equal in both chambers the free-floating inner tube moves clean away from any sharp object that pierces through to it. As a result, when the tyre cover and outer wall of the tube give way or explode, the weight on that wheel is carried by the inner tube, inside which 60% of the air is safely held. Axle-drop is so slight that there is no instability, and no dangerous swerve. You simply bring the car to a gradual straight stop, in complete safety.

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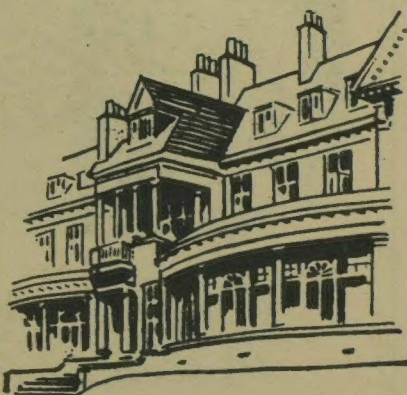


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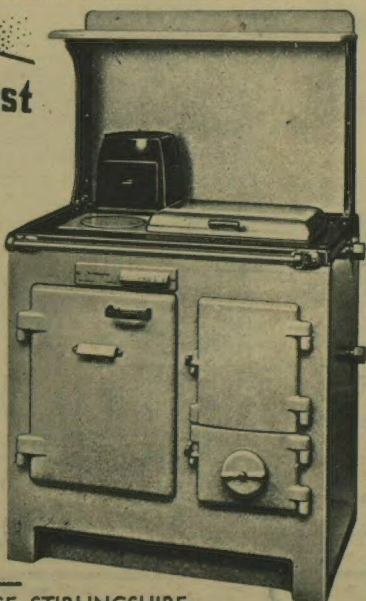
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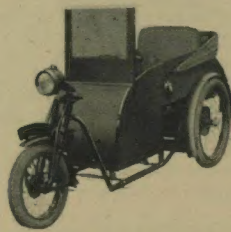
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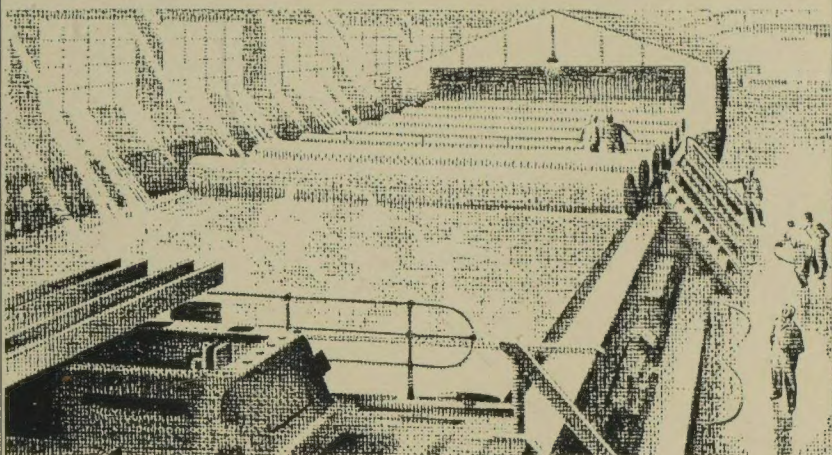
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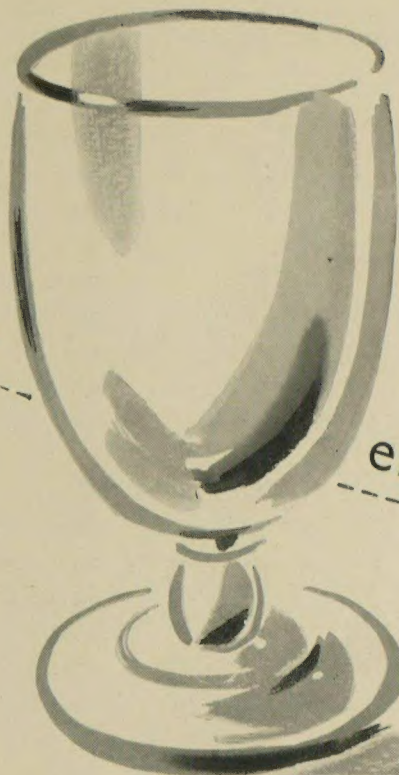
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Division of the **REED** Paper Group

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the glass is

empty



and there are plenty  
of orange squashes  
you could put in it.  
But there is only one  
which gives you, long drink  
or short, **Schweppes**

(that's a secret between Schweppes and big golden oranges)

**Schweppes** Fruit Squashes

True-to-the-Fruit

Orange. Lemon. Grapefruit. Lime Juice Cordial (3/- per bottle)  
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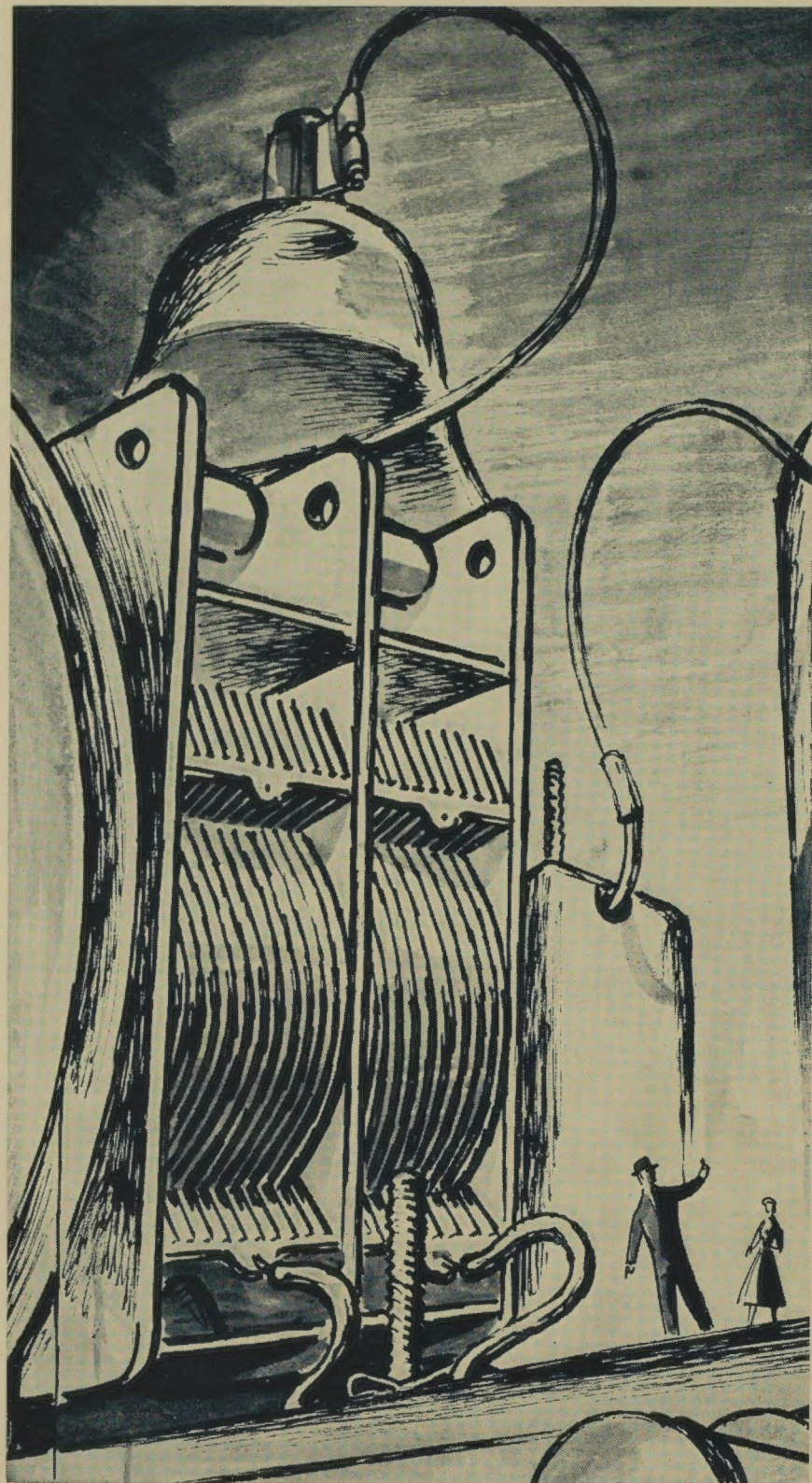
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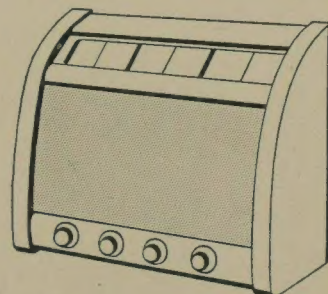
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